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# The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1911.

## The Week

Mr. Taft has devoted his Presidential message exclusively to the Trust question. This is unusual for the initial message of a Congressional session, but not without a precedent. President Cleveland similarly excluded from his message of December 6, 1887, all topics except tariff reduction. The President has plainly written his message *con amore*, and with a deep sense of responsibility. As long ago as February, 1898, he handed down as presiding judge of the Circuit Court the highly important decision under that law, against the Addyston Pipe and Steel combination, which had endeavored to fix arbitrary prices and parcel out the country among its constituent members—a decision subsequently upheld in all particulars by the Supreme Court. It may therefore be said that the President has a right to approach the general question now, as much in the mental attitude of a judge as of the Chief Executive.

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What Mr. Taft has to say of the manner of dissolving convicted Trusts is of much immediate interest. The tobacco independents, in their petition to the Circuit Court, had declared the existing plan unjust, because it still left large companies in the field, formed from the disintegrated holdings of the Trust. But this contention, the President rejoins, "results from a misunderstanding of the Anti-Trust law and its purpose." That law is not intended "to prevent the accumulation of large capital in business enterprises in which such a combination can secure reduced cost of production, sale, and distribution," but to break up a clearly monopolistic combination. As for the still more familiar argument that "the present pro-rata and common ownership in all these companies, by former stockholders of the Trust, would insure a continuance of the same old single control of all the companies in which the Trust has by decree been disintegrated," the President points out that if any or all of the shareholders, in the new companies thus formed, were to attempt by concerted action to control the market, "its prime movers and all its participants would be at once subject to contempt proceedings and imprisonment of a summary character," for violation of a court decree "whose inhibitions are set forth with a detail and comprehensiveness unexampled in the history of equity jurisprudence." And, beyond even this, "only a short time will inevitably lead to a change in ownership of the stock, as all opportunity for continued coöperation must disappear." We believe that the President here sets forth a fact which is perfectly well known and recognized by all unbiassed business men.

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For a thoroughly discredited and disliked body of men, the Congress of the United States receives a great deal of attention from the press. We say discredited and disliked on the authority of the comic writers and artists in the newspapers who invariably hail the adjournment of Congress with a loud sigh of relief, and the intimation that the country can now settle down to business. The jest about the two prodigal sons of whom one landed in jail and the other was elected to the House of Representatives, is coeval with the other comic tradition that when a man's neighbors are at a loss what to do with him they send him to Washington. In the mouth of the professional humorist this accusation no longer surprises any one, because good jokes are rare and a serviceable quip is almost impossible to kill. But this conception of the American lawmaker has in recent years passed outside of the funny column and really found an echo among people quite without the sense of humor. The wish that Congress might suspend operations for a half-dozen years and give the country a rest has been seriously uttered. And how completely tired we are of this assembly of empty talkers, selfish log-rollers, and disturbers of business is attested by the fact that when Congress reassembles no newspaper gives more than three or four pages to the utterly unimportant and dispiriting event.

---

From various parts of the country comes the report that "they won't take Roosevelt's 'no.'" Who "they" are it is easy to guess, and there is also no difficulty in understanding why they will not take what they have not been offered. There has not as yet been an actual "no"—nothing more than a "please don't." That this is not daunting the bluff spirits of the West is evident in the remarks of the president of the Theodore Roosevelt Club of Nebraska, Col. John O. Yeiser. He says of his fellow-Colonel that he, "although a big man, is not big enough to throw any obstacles in the way" of the movement to nominate him and elect him, "because we have the votes." This is the kind of strong meat on which the Nebraskans feed, but Col. Yeiser is weaker when he comes to speak of a possible alternative. The nomination and election of Roosevelt are to be put down as certain, but, afterwards, "if he wants Taft to have it, he can refuse to qualify and let Taft hold over." This argues an unfamiliarity with the Constitution which we should not have expected in any member of a Theodore Roosevelt Club, much less the president. Col. Yeiser evidently believes that Presidents, like dog-catchers, continue in office until their successors come to demand that they give up the keys.

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Whether Gompers knew or did not know that the McNamaras were guilty may possibly never be determined. But that he had any substantial reason for believing them to be innocent, it is impossible to maintain. "As I was parting with John J.," said Gompers when the collapse came, "I remember he took my hand and said, as near as I can remember: 'Take this message to the laboring men of the country: This is a damnable put-up job and we are innocent.' I saw no reason for doubting their word." And this is the sum and substance of Gompers's plea. On the strength of the accused men's own assurance that they were innocent, and nothing else, Gompers went before the country, not simply demanding a fair trial; not simply gathering funds for the making of a competent defence; but asserting, without a shadow of ground, that the charge against the McNamaras was the result of a diabolical conspiracy, declaring that the whole case was a "frame-up," filling the minds of thousands of workingmen with falsehood and hatred. Over

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against the tremendous probability of guilt which the facts presented by Burns carried with them, and over against the absolute certainty that a long series of terrible crimes had been committed in the real or supposed interest of union labor, the head of the Federation of Labor placed the simple word of the McNamaras; and on this foundation, so far as in him lay, he committed the workingmen of America to the championship of these murderers, and to the denunciation of their accusers as the most infamous of human beings.

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Inasmuch as the Controller Bay charges, over which a tremendous row was made a few months ago, were of the most damaging character if true, it would have been in better taste if Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Amos Pinchot, in advising the Graham Committee to discontinue the investigation, and Mr. Graham in his remarks apropos of this, had given more prominence to the refutation of the accusations and rumors of dishonesty and less to the alleged change of policy on the part of the Administration. Mr. Brandeis states tnat he found no evidence of illegality or bad faith by any Government official in the Controller Bay matter, though he regards the action taken by the Government as having been "opposed to the best interests of the people." He, and Mr. Graham, and Mr. Pinchot as representing the National Conservation Association, are entirely satisfied with Secretary Fisher's conclusions concerning Alaskan resources; but they fail—so far as we have observed—to make any acknowledgment of the fact that the Secretary's report concerning the significance of the Controller Bay land-grants was in absolute contradiction of the views that had been so loudly urged by the President's accusers, quite apart from any question of good or bad faith. The address made by Mr. Fisher on his return from Alaska did not "constitute a clear departure from the Administration's former policy," though Chairman Graham says it did; it simply constituted a more definite formulation of that policy and a judicial survey of the past and present of the Alaskan problem. A similarly judicial statement on the part of those representing the Conservation cause would have been more creditable than the Parthian fling with which they retire from the attack.

Official tabulation of the election returns in New Jersey shows that the State which Gov. Wilson caused his party to "lose" so disastrously on November 7, was really carried by the Democrats. The total vote by counties, as now compiled, was Republican 157,084, and Democratic 160,184. The Legislature was made Republican solely by the overturn in Essex County, which, of course, elects its Assemblymen on a general list, not by districts. How plain the betrayal was by the Smith machine in Essex may be seen from the fact that even in 1909 the Democratic vote was 27,999, while in the last election it fell to 23,360. But the entire footing of all the counties shows that the Democrats had a majority of 3,100. This is only about 11,000 below the majority which the Democratic candidates for the Assembly had in 1910, though Wilson for Governor carried the State by 50,000. Looking purely, however, at the vote on the Legislative ticket this year, it appears that the Democrats were in a majority—a thing which, except for 1910 under exceptional conditions, they had not achieved for twenty years. It should seem that Gov. Wilson might bear up under that calamity!

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Senator Guggenheim's voluntary withdrawal, nearly two years in advance of the end of his term in the Senate, from the contest for reëlection will be subject to varying interpretations. There are those who will insist that he still holds the State of Colorado in the hollow of his hand and could, therefore, have retained his seat in the Senate had he seen fit, and those who will have it that he has seen the handwriting on the wall as have Aldrich and Hale and Wetmore and all the rest. Mr. Guggenheim's friends insist that he has been an unselfish patriot in the Senate, and really sacrificed large personal interests in order to advance the public weal. But the hard-hearted public, remembering what came out about the methods the Senator used in entering the Senate, will not feel depressed by the news of the retirement. Whether Mr. Guggenheim has or has not divorced himself from his private interests; whether he did or did not seek and obtain tariff favors for his pet industries in the Payne-Aldrich law, the fact remains that the people of this country do not believe that a man of this type ought to be in the Senate, and that his going nearly marks the end of the régime of the multi-millionaire Senators who used to make the Senate famous as a rich man's club.

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Philadelphia has entered this week upon a chapter of her history, the development of which will be watched with interest throughout the Union. The first event in that chapter is announced in the shape of Mayor Blankenburg's appointments to four of the five chief positions under him in the city government. Not within the memory of any man of ordinary age has a new Mayor of Philadelphia been greeted with the kind of comment that Mr. Blankenburg's choice of his Cabinet has evoked. "In every instance," says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, "there is in the personality and record of the man an earnest of that honesty, efficiency, and absolute independence which are the foundation stones of the structure of businesslike municipal administration which the new Mayor is to build." "The records of their lives," says the *Record*, "justify the hope that they will come up to the expectations of the new Mayor, and aid him in the great work he has undertaken." It is felt on all hands that this work is nothing less than the redemption of Philadelphia.

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To achieve success in this great undertaking will require a combination of ability and hard work and good judgment, as well as uprightness of purpose, and we must not whistle until we are out of the woods. But it may be noted at once that these appointments of Mayor Blankenburg's have not only been made with the evident purpose of getting a first-rate man for each post, but that there is in them no trace of that spirit of compromise with the spoils idea which has marred, and even wrecked, so many of the most promising of reform administrations in American cities. In this great matter of rescuing city government from the grasp of machine politics, there is no room for compromise. You have got to choose between regarding an appointment as a means of getting somebody that you want for the city's service and regarding it as a means of giving somebody a city "job" because he wants it or some organization wants him to have it.

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The retirement of Mr. John D. Rocke-

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feller from the presidency of the Standard Oil Company, even though it coincides with the formal dissolution of the giant aggregate of companies which he created, does not arouse the interest such an act would have excited ten years ago, or even five years ago. Public interest of late has not centred in Mr. Rockefeller as the head of Standard Oil, but in his personality and his non-commercial activities. Report has it that Mr. Rockefeller has regarded himself as an ill-used man, as compared with other men of exceptionally great wealth. These others were allowed to live down their enormously profitable past, but Mr. Rockefeller never was. He might go on displaying as much fervor in distributing his millions as he displayed in gathering them together—public opinion still thought of him as the original Octopus. But of late a certain change has, after all, taken place. Apparently it is Mr. Rockefeller's golf, rather than his gifts to Chicago University, that has impressed itself on the public. At any rate, while it would be still unsafe to speak of the founder of Standard Oil as a greatly-loved personality, he does appear in a more human form than people were once inclined to allow him—like another person of fable.

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The bulletins that keep coming from the Census Bureau, making comparisons between 1904 and 1909, tell a monotonous tale of growth that looks like the story of a prosperous country. The latest to hand is the report on confectionery—and why confectionery should not be regarded as a barometer of consumers' ease, just as iron is considered the barometer of business feeling and prospects, it would be difficult to say. In the five years from 1904 to 1909 there was a general advance in confectionery. Capital invested increased from $43,000,000 to $68,000,000, or 44 per cent.; value of products advanced from $87,000,000 to $134,000,000, an increase of 55 per cent. As the population grows only about 10 per cent. in five years, percentages like this—and something like them as shown in nearly every line—seem to indicate, even after all allowance is made for rising prices, a constant rise in the standard of living among the people. Very little of the $134,000,000 worth of confectionery turned out by our manufacturers was eaten by multi-millionaires.

Indiana poetry will seem in a bad way if James Whitcomb Riley sticks to his intention of writing no more. The reason he alleges is by no mean conclusive. If his right hand is incapacitated for further rhyming, there is his left, and why should he think it impossible to dictate verse? It would be a bold critic who should assume to detect from internal evidence what lines Milton wrote and what ones he dictated. Will an American give up where an Englishman succeeded? This is not the spirit which we have been accustomed to think of as inspiring Indiana's literary artists. One can understand Mr. Riley's feeling in the matter, but what are his publishers about? It is inconceivable that they should be guilty of such gross neglect of moral and financial duty as is suggested by the poet's announcement. Unless American literary enterprise has suddenly broken down in a most unexpected place, all the resources of stenography, phonographs, dictaphones, and we know not what else will be immediately put at the disposal of the Indianapolis muse. Poetry may some time fail us, but never for mere want of the means of getting it transferred to paper.

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Mr. Sydney Brooks's article, "The Truth About Cuba," in the *Independent*, is based upon two visits which he has recently made to the island, and upon many conversations with politicians, planters, business men, railway officials. Cuba's economic condition and outlook, Mr. Brooks pronounces to be excellent. Great progress has been made, although, as he says, the wonderful natural resources of the island have only begun to be developed. Politically, Mr. Brooks is compelled to be more guarded. While he does not credit all the rumors that float about Havana—justly remarking that every Government, including the American during intervention, has for years been declared corrupt on the evidence of gossip—he admits that political grafting has been going on and that "more than one concession has been granted without a due regard for the public interests." He also perceives the danger arising from the apparent purpose of President Gomez to "keep all offices and power in the hands of a particular group." Nevertheless, Mr. Brooks takes a generally hopeful view both of the present situation and the prospects. His conclusion is that the Cuban Republic, considering everything, has justified the confidence reposed in it by the American Government.

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Canada commends our chalice to our own lips in her explanation that she cannot interfere with the recent order of the Ontario Board of Censors prohibiting the exhibition of moving pictures showing the American flag, owing to the fact that the matter is not Federal, but provincial. Ever since the formation of the Union, we have puzzled foreign Governments by similar declarations. It has all been so simple to us that we have felt a sense of injury when a nation whose subjects have been the victims of a mob, for example, in one of the States, has failed to be completely satisfied with our elaborate setting forth of the Constitutional reasons why the Government at Washington can neither exact damages from the citizens guilty of the crime, nor allow the foreign Government to bring pressure upon the State in whose jurisdiction the affair took place. The victims, we have almost had the appearance of saying, should have thought of such a possibility before they entered our dual form of sovereignty.

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The full report of the recent address of the Dean of St. Paul's, in which he stigmatized the twentieth century as the spendthrift heir of the nineteenth, bears out the rather sensational extracts from it first printed. Taken in connection with some remarks of Lord Curzon upon the Government's bill for manhood suffrage for England, it makes one wonder how able men can still treat democracy as anything but an established fact. The Dean pours scorn upon the infallibility of the majority, and the ex-Viceroy is terrified by the idea of such a leap in the dark as manhood suffrage would be. But no one contends that the majority is infallible, and all sensible men agree that the suffrage should not be extended without careful consideration. It is a long time since Robert Lowe pointed out the altered situation in his "Now we must educate our masters." The problem is no longer how far democracy shall be permitted to extend its authority, but what means shall be employed to make and keep it worthy of its supreme power. Not whether to have democracy, but how to utilize it, is the real question.

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### *THE M'NAMARAS AND AFTER.*

The astounding turn in the McNamara trial last Friday stirred questions in every mind. Why did the two brothers decide to plead guilty to infamous crimes? What were the real motives of their counsel, lawyers who were fully conscious that they were defending, not merely two indicted men, but the whole cause of organized labor? Did they feel that it was better to sacrifice two guilty individuals, rather than face the damning revelations which the actual trial might bring in regard to the complicity of labor-union officials in a systematized conspiracy to destroy property on an enormous scale and to commit murder? These questions cannot be positively answered as yet, but the very fact that they spring to the minds of all thinking men shows how deep and widespread is the conviction that the officers of the law in California had at last got their hands upon plotters who, in the name of organized labor, were deliberately perfecting and operating a system of terrorism and crime that makes the blackest deeds of Camorra or Mafia appear trivial.

As for the District Attorney at Los Angeles, he has placed the whole country in his debt by his attitude. To all suggestions of compromise he was adamant. He was urged to accept a plea of guilty from one of the brothers and to let the other off, but he stood firmly in the position that both were guilty, that the proof against both was overwhelming, and that, if they dared not face an honest jury, the only thing for them to do was to confess their crimes. Particularly admirable was his response to those who approached him in a tremor of apprehension about the indirect consequences of the prosecution, and who begged him to consider the effects on "society." Mr. Fredericks tersely said: "I am not running society." He was in office simply to make the law a terror to evil-doers. It was his sole duty to see to it that, so far as lay in his power, no criminal should go unwhipped of justice; and all the mushy pleadings about the danger of a social reaction and the peril of class antagonisms he put aside as having absolutely nothing to do with the case.

Such a clear-cut conception of the function of the sworn officers of the law it is refreshing to encounter. For there has already been expressed—and we shall doubtless hear much more of it—a great deal of foolish sentiment about the McNamara affair. People of Socialist sympathies, who call themselves social reformers because they have vague and weak suggestions to make in connection with the inevitable hardships of the human lot, who mistake benevolent emotions for reasoned or practicable plans of action, are telling us that what we have to deal with is not individual crime but a state of social "war." They point to the evidences of bitter feeling among certain groups of workingmen and argue that, as we may be headed for an Armageddon in which all our institutions will perish, the only safe course is to be very patient with criminals and show ourselves very considerate and conciliatory with men who incite to crime, and who profit by it, lest the pillars of society totter and fall.

Well, the proper answer to all such well-meaning but harmful persons is that, for the present and in their sense, we are not running society. One thing at a time. If anything can be done to make capital and labor see eye to eye, by all means let it be done at the fitting occasion. Any opportunity that offers to either employer or workman to confer together amicably in order better to understand each other and to devise means of securing their common interests, should never fail to be embraced by one or the other. But at this moment we have a sterner business in hand. A series of atrocious crimes have been committed, and we have just got into a position where there is every prospect of being able to run down and punish their infamous perpetrators. Every man who keeps his eyes open has known for years that violence and a deliberately plotted system of terrorism, going to the length of brutal murder, have been the accompaniment of strikes and the winked-at method of certain labor unions. At last we are in a way to lay bare this foul conspiracy. The two wretched men who admitted their crimes at Los Angeles on Friday are but tools in the hands of others. Who sent them on their errands of destruction and death? Who supplied them the money for their murderous work? To these questions the proceedings at Los Angeles and the investigations of grand juries in California and Indiana now bid fair to give us an answer, and are we to be stayed from pressing for it by mawkish appeals in the name of "society"?

If it be said that we are threatened with social war, we have at least the right to insist that the rules of war shall be observed. No poisoned wells! The only conceivable war which, in a free democracy, can be fought out between one interest and another, between capital and labor if you please, is one in which the weapons shall be arguments, organization, votes. Both parties to that war, if such it must be called, ought to be ready to drop everything else and unite against the criminals whose only hope is terrorism and whose only reasonings are torch and dynamite. It is alleged—the McNamaras are reported to have asserted—that they did their fiendish work in the name of a "principle." What is this principle? Are there labor leaders who dare avow it? Have any of them, directly or indirectly, been accomplices in the McNamara crimes or others like them? That is what we look to the prosecuting officers to bend every effort in order to tell us. We must lay the axe to the root of the tree. It is objected that to entertain such sentiments is to cherish the spirit of "vengeance." We ought, it is said, to weep over the misguided criminals instead of making them feel the sting of the law. In that way we would show our profound concern for "society." But pure self-defence is never vengeful; and a society that cannot protect itself against dastardly criminals has got beyond concern and is a fit subject for lamentation and burial—for it is dead and gone.

### *THE PRESIDENT'S APOLOGIA.*

In the long and frank interview which President Taft gave to Mr. Francis E. Leupp, and which the latter was authorized to publish in last week's *Outlook*, we have something that, from every point of view, is of deep interest. In his free and informal talk, Mr. Taft touched upon many controverted matters. In regard to them he made explanations and took positions which might be, and doubtless will be, sharply challenged. But we prefer at present not to go into these things—not to follow the President in a review of the acts of his Administration thus far. What strikes us, rather, is the value of the interview as a human document. It is perhaps the most self-revealing utter-

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ance that has come from Mr. Taft. In his free and familiar conversation with Mr. Leupp, the President lets us see his real, inner quality. This is of more importance, just now, than any discussion of his outer successes or failures. For the country is at this moment seriously debating the Presidential succession; and the question whether Mr. Taft is to be renominated or not, and whether, if renominated, he is to be reëlected, will turn very largely upon the popular estimate of his personality, of his fitness for the work of a party leader and a national executive. Upon all this the interview throws much light.

So far as his amiable personal characteristics are concerned, the general impression is here confirmed. We see once more, as we have often seen before, Mr. Taft's unaffected simplicity, his modesty, his hatred of anything that looks like clamor, his patience, his calmness, his philosophic poise. All these are admirable qualities, but the doubt remains whether in Mr. Taft they combine with others in a way to give the nation altogether what it desires and needs in the Presidency. He has firmness, but has he the steady push of the born executive? Does his tolerance make him tend to be slack? Has he a vivid and instinctive sense of a given political situation, with a prescient knowledge of the way to deal with it; or is he too often compelled to appear in the rôle of one earnestly laboring to repair damages which a surer insight and a more resolute attitude would have prevented from being inflicted at all? Answers to these queries can be found in Mr. Leupp's interview by any attentive reader.

The easy-going and almost happy-go-lucky way in which the President has prepared too many of his public utterances, stands confessed in what he himself, with amazing frankness, says of his ill-starred Winona speech. He "dictated that speech to a stenographer on the cars between two stations." Then he glanced at it only sufficiently to "straighten its grammar," whereupon it was given to the press, with the unhappy result which all know, including the President. He now says that if he had got the speech ready "two or three weeks before, and revised it deliberately, *as I ought to have done*," he would have made several passages read differently! This is almost pathetic. Here was easily the most important speech which the President was to make in the course of his whole tour, yet he delayed its preparation and tossed it off lightly at the last moment without once thinking, apparently, how it was going to fall upon the ear of the people and mar so sadly his political fortunes. Surely, dilatoriness and carelessness in a President were never more glaringly exhibited or more terribly punished.

But behind this laxness lay a graver fault. Mr. Taft was playing with fire but did not know it. The Payne-Aldrich tariff was visibly inflammable and explosive, politically, yet the President of the United States was the only man who appeared not to be aware of it. There can be no doubt that the outcry which followed his Winona speech was a startling surprise to him. He never knew that the gun was loaded! But ignorance of this kind is almost fatal in a political leader. If he does not know by instinct, or cannot discover by careful inquiry, what the people are saying of a capital measure, the inevitable result is that he will make such blunders as Mr. Taft has made, and, too late, wake up to what he has done and seek to retrace his steps. But this necessarily gives to his course an air of uncertainty and vacillation. Worst of all, it robs him of the appearance of being sure of himself and certain of his ground, or of having a full command of the material with which he has to deal. It is of the essence of high statesmanship in a democracy to be able to know the times and seasons, to grasp the skirts of circumstance, to perceive what effects will follow what causes, and never to seem to misunderstand hopelessly the people whom one is trying to lead. But Mr. Taft's own story of his dealings with tariff revision, with the confessed divergence between his position now and the one he blithely assumed two years ago, is enough to show how deficient he is in all that.

It may even be said that some of Mr. Taft's virtues swell, like immoderate valor, into a fault. His lofty indifference to the political consequences of doing what he thinks is right, all must praise. His calm readiness to retire to private life, if the people so will, is a fine trait of character. Yet in this very nobility and philosophic detachment there is a peril—a peril, that is, to one who aspires to be a great leader in a democracy. Such a man ought not, indeed, to be greedy for high office, but he ought to have an instant and quickening sense of the immense things which can be done in high office. The possibilities of service and of leadership ought to fire him. There should be in him a kind of infectious enthusiasm, as he contemplates the appealing opportunity, so that he can make others see the gleam as he does and be eager to follow it with him. In a word, a President of the United States has to be something more than a philosopher. It is for him to stand forth as an inspiring leader, capable of winning not merely cold approval but warm devotion, and of raising a shining standard to which an acclaiming multitude will repair. That Mr. Taft has thus far shown either the eminent sagacity or the consuming energy needed for the task of leadership thus described, not even his best friends can assert. And the conviction is slowly becoming established that he will not be able to do so in the future.

### *EX-SENATOR EDMUNDS AND THE ANTI-TRUST LAW.*

The article on the origin, purposes, and meaning of the anti-Trust law, written by ex-Senator George F. Edmunds and published in the December *North American Review*, is highly important. Mr. Edmunds, at the age of eighty-three, is the only surviving member of the very remarkable Senate Judiciary Committee which drew up the law of 1890 in its present form, and which included, besides himself as Chairman, such other eminent and experienced lawyers as Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, Senator Evarts of New York, Senator Vest of Missouri, and Senator Pugh of Alabama. The publication of Mr. Edmunds's article happened to coincide with the testimony of Mr. Seth Low before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, giving the results of a poll of one thousand business men on the question whether the law should be retained or amended.

Briefly summed up, Mr. Low's poll of the thousand manufacturers, merchants, and bankers showed a heavy majority of opinions that the anti-Trust law should not be repealed, but with an even larger majority favoring the judgment that the Sherman Act, as now interpreted, is not clear and workable, that a Federal commission should be created to su-

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pervise trade combinations, and that return to old-time competitive methods of business is not feasible. Now it is, of course, true that polls of business men, like "straw votes" in politics, have their limitations as accurate reflection of public sentiment. But we think it highly probable that the Civic Federation's canvass represents with sufficient correctness the present trend of opinion in the circles to which the inquiries were addressed. It is to precisely these shades and varieties of business opinion that Mr. Edmunds's article is directed.

Mr. Edmunds fully confirms the view as to the circumstances of 1890 and the general purposes of the legislators, which was set forth in the *Nation* a week ago. He goes with great detail into the nature of the discussion, in committee and on the floor of Congress, concluding with the reminder that the bill as eventually enacted, in the form in which the Judiciary Committee had reported it, received a unanimous approving vote in both houses of Congress. Of much importance is his description of the amendments or alterations proposed in the debate and of the reason for their rejection; including the House amendment defining illegal contracts as those only which were "entered into for the purpose of preventing competition." This introductory part of Mr. Edmunds's narrative is most convincing witness to the thoroughness and care with which the measure was prepared and the high judicial spirit in which it was debated. It leaves no reasonable ground for the favorite assertion of opponents of the law, that it was a crude and hasty bit of "happy-thought" legislation, enacted by political opportunists and constructed with no eye to the longer industrial future.

But the question of larger interest is, what opinion this eminent statesman, whose span of life has enabled him intimately to observe the construction, enactment, and application of the law, has formed on its suitability to the conditions of to-day. First, Mr. Edmunds disposes once again of the extraordinary contention of a year ago that, because the law forbade contracts in restraint of trade, therefore it prohibited plain and ordinary partnerships or corporations. He says:

> The Judiciary Committee believed that the well-known principles guiding the courts in the application and construction of statutes would lead them to give the words of the act a beneficial and remedial rather than an injurious and technical one hurtful to any honest trade. . . . It was believed that the time-honored maxim of the law, "*haeret in litterâ haeret in cortice*," and the Holy Scripture, "for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," would aid the executive and judicial authorities in construing and applying the statute justly in all cases as they should arise. . . . The fear that some literal construction of the words "restraint of trade" in the act might lead to the sacrifice of some just, fair, and wholesome business arrangements may be safely dismissed, for if the principle and purpose of the Constitution and act have any foundation at all, there can be no such restraint, because such conduct is not restraining, but is promotive of and beneficial to the public interest.

Here we have the "rule of reason," asserted by the chief author of the act as a definite part of the purpose and expectation of the legislators who enacted it.

The ex-Senator believes that "no case founded on the Act has been finally decided by the courts adversely to the contracts or conduct of parties accused, in which such contract or conduct did not offend against both the letter and the spirit of the Act, as well as against the sound public policy underlying both the provisions of the Constitution and the Act of Congress touching the subject." He believes as strongly that the continued application of the law is necessary to restrain or remove the evils against which it was originally directed. Combinations to dominate trade, crush out fair and useful competition, and absorb into a few hands the business of the country, have been conducted on such a scale, since the enactment of the law, "that the result is the unnatural and unequal distribution of wealth and power, which the experience of centuries has shown to be among the great evils that affect civilization and true progress." It was exactly these great and growing evils which were dealt with by the Act of 1890.

Finally, what of "amendments to make the law clear," or a "Federal commission to supervise industry"? Mr. Edmunds has not a word to say regarding them. All of his exposition is opposed to them. The absolute consensus of the Judiciary Committee was, he says, that "it was quite impracticable to include by specific definition" such words as "trust," "restraint," or "monopolize," and that "these were truly matters for judicial consideration." And if business is disturbed, what then?

Well; if the "business interests" of the great and widespread combinations, as now carried on, are crushing out smaller enterprises and monopolizing industries that should be fairly and equally open to all, and controlling and enhancing the prices of almost everything needed in every household, and must suffer from the enforcement of equal laws necessary to the welfare of the whole people, it is the consequence of their evil doing, and must be borne, and every honest and fair enterprise will survive for the good of all.

## *THE CHANCE THEY GET.*

What European diplomats say concerning Mr. W. Morgan Shuster is quite true. He isn't a diplomat, and he is stronger on finance than on tact. When this young American was made Treasurer-General of Persia he must have dreamed great dreams. Here was an ancient people that had cast off the bonds of political superstition and set out in the ways of progress. It had won its freedom unassisted, and when the Shah who had been sent packing about his business came back, supported by foreign intrigue, to trouble the peace of the country, he was beaten a second time. The first difficult steps of parliamentary government were being mastered. The reëstablishment of public order was under way. What, with such a people, might not an ambitious and energetic administrator hope to accomplish? Mr. Shuster had been called to set the country's finances in order, and he took it for granted that the Persians meant to be as thorough in that process as they had been in sweeping out the old monarchical system. If Mr. Shuster went at his task in a mood of high enthusiasm, determined to do the very best he could for the Government that had hired him and for his own reputation, it was exactly the spirit in which an ambitious and clean-cut young American business man goes about his work.

But the reality was that young Mr. Shuster, from the moment of his arrival in Persia, was a Parsifal in a garden inhabited by all the Kundrys of diplomacy. He had imagined that his business was to go straight ahead, and raise as much money as he could for the Persian exchequer, and put the new régime on a foundation of financial independence. He has now found that the process of going straight ahead is made impossible by an entire mass of such non-financial considerations as spheres of influence, political balances, Russian rights,

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British rights, diplomatic propriety, banking conventions, Russian susceptibility, railway agreements, consular treaties, and what not—all summing themselves up in the simple fact that Russia and Great Britain had combined to destroy independent Persia and did not desire a prosperous and progressive Persia, because that would postpone the pleasant consummation. No, Mr. Shuster has no tact or diplomacy. A wiser man would have shrugged his shoulders and tried to do his best under the inescapable limitations and kept his place. Mr. Shuster has kicked up a row and will probably lose his place. But he has done a greater service for humanity in lifting the mask from the "protecting" Powers in Persia. He has forced Russia and Great Britain into the open, forced them to reveal the grimace behind the applauding smile with which Europe welcomes the East's attempts at progress, forced general recognition of the fact that what European diplomacy desires is not a rejuvenated, progressive, prosperous Orient, but an Orient going from bad to worse towards the end which is subjugation.

What chance has constitutional Turkey received at the hands of civilized Europe? There is no lack of criticisms nowadays against the Young Turk régime. Dr. E. J. Dillon single-handed has produced one furious indictment after another. The Young Turks are despots, they are parish politicians, they have allowed the Empire to go to pieces, they have displayed no capacity for the high task they have arrogated to themselves. All this might be true, and yet one can only ask what chance has constitutional Turkey had to put its house in order? The lessons of self-government and political stability are not learned in a day, even under the best of circumstances. England needed several centuries of struggle, revolution, and head-cutting before it mastered the art of combining liberty with prosperity. Young Turkey has had just three years to find itself. But what have been the conditions under which it has worked? No sooner had the Hamidian incubus been thrown off than civilized Europe began to swoop down on its prey. Austria-Hungary seized a brace of provinces; Bulgaria, with Russia's encouragement, broke away; Italy and Austria began an active game in Albania; and Italy is now carrying the banner of civilization into Tripoli. Dr. Dillon accuses the present Young Turks of criminal incompetence in leaving Tripoli defenceless. But with Bulgaria and Albania to watch and the uprising in Yemen on its hands, what could the Government at Constantinople have done to safeguard a distant and isolated province? Merely to have kept alive under such conditions is an achievement of which any new Government might be proud.

At the present moment, the best conscience of the civilized world rejoices at what is going on in China. Whether the revolution triumphs completely or the throne succeeds in saving something out of the wreck, one thing is sure, that a new era has opened in China, that a great nation has definitely pronounced for modern democracy and modern progress. But will China be allowed to work out her fate? Will the world make allowance for the fact that 400,000,000 people cannot clean house without a certain amount of travail and embarrassment? The answer is that, from different quarters, there already comes an uneasy stirring among the Powers. Civilization's appetites are flaming up, and once more we shall learn of the brown man's and the yellow man's burden—which is the white man's lust for mastery.

## *MONUMENTAL REALISM.*

The Arnold Bennett who has just left us after a brief but triumphal progress from New York to Chicago, stands out as the author of three big books. The general reading public has probably been chiefly impressed by the bigness of quantity. But there are enough critics who have found in him bigness of the other kind. Mr. Bennett is a veteran at the writing game, but his present reputation is founded on the "Old Wives' Tale," and the two published volumes of his "Clayhanger" trilogy. In these three books he has displayed a method of minute realistic detail that is studiously undramatic in plot and studiously unemotional in development. His ambition, as evidenced in his novels and as expressed in his critical opinions of the great writers of the past, is to see life clearly and to see it—and there comes the uncertainty with regard to Mr. Bennett: whether it is his ambition also to see life whole or only to see it minutely. Both in the mere physical bulk of his latest books and in their preoccupation with the souls of people, rather than their acts, this Englishman has invited comparison with the giants of an earlier age. In the opinion of more than one enthusiastic critic, he easily takes his place with the writers of other "big" books, with Balzac, with Tolstoy, and with the early eighteenth century English realists. To decide whether he deserves the place, we must rid ourselves of the impression which mere bulk and a serious purpose are bound to produce, even in the professional critic. The question is whether Mr. Bennett's subject matter, which is of every day, goes well with the spread of his canvas, which is epic.

Novels longer than "Clayhanger" have been written and will continue to be written from time to time. But it may be said at once that the pulse of vitality must beat in them much stronger than it does in "Clayhanger," if they are to take their place with the literature that lives long. We cannot set any bounds to the length of a novel because we cannot see any bounds to its capacities. Because the author is at liberty to pour into the novel anything and everything—prose and poetry, drab reality and imagination, history, philosophy, criticism, anecdote, autobiography, argument, and preachment; because he can people it with any number of men and women endowed with any amount of emotional variety; because he can multiply incident and situation at will—for these reasons "Tom Jones," "Vanity Fair," "War and Peace," "Les Misérables," and "Père Goriot" are possible. You can write a novel of epic length if you give it epic food, and that means a crowd. Seven hundred pages of drab analysis of a single ordinary man cannot, for all its truthfulness, make "Clayhanger" alive, for the reason that the book simply has not bone and muscle enough to carry the fat. There are dull stretches in Balzac, in Tolstoy, and possibly in "The Newcomes" and "David Copperfield," but they are the flat interludes between periods of splendid emotion. You skip these dreary periods because you are in a hurry to get to the delectable feast. But in "Clayhanger" there is little to skip from or to. The plain stretches on endlessly; you walk till you get tired; then you rest and walk on again. If it is psychological dissection you are after, one mood is as good

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as another. And therein consists one objection to the "Clayhanger" method. The writer has attempted to do a novel of analysis on a scale that will tolerate only the novel of magnificent creativeness.

But "Clayhanger" is true! Well, it is true in the sense that it gives us a vast succession of veracious detail. But, after all, is it the business of the artist to draw up catalogues or to create something that is single, harmonious, rounded out, whole? Artists may create in a flash or may create with patient and minute craft, but the required result is the same—a living individualized man or woman, a concrete, individualized Form. For minute craftsmanship can never be its own object, and Clayhanger's sensations in putting on a new suit or procuring the use of a study-room all to himself simply will not bear the pagefuls of analysis Mr. Bennett brings to bear upon the subject. We can readily allow pages of psychological analysis to such tremendous crises of the spirit as Dostoievsky can evoke in "Crime and Punishment"; we can allow it even to Jean Valjean, because—well, there is no other word for it—we feel that such moments are "big," are truly fraught with eternity; whereas the boy Clayhanger's emotions as he leans over the bridge-railing and pitches stones into the water are not.

To the extent that Mr. Bennett in "Clayhanger" is true to his ideal of an impassive and minute realism, his work leaves us comparatively cold. To the extent that he forgets and permits himself a dip into old-fashioned emotion, into old-fashioned dramatic situations, he has made the book real. When one has put down "Clayhanger," the two chapters that stand out clearest in the memory are the magnificent early chapter which describes the pitiful experiences of the infant factory-slaves of early industrial England as Edwin's father had lived them, and the chapter in which that same father dies. In both places, Mr. Bennett has been deeply moved, has written with passion and with tears, and has attained effects that are never attained, unless you are stirred by the deeper things. The matter is simple: while we are what we are, the putting on of a new suit of clothes will remain a less important thing than a death-bed, and no matter in what dazzling psychological phenomena we may dress the former event, it will still be the same. Of course, in saying this, we may be the slave of the old-fashioned romantic literature, which the new realism relegates to the scrap heap; but as a realist, Mr. Bennett must acknowledge the reality of prejudice.

Thus, one's objections to a Clayhanger trilogy in two thousand pages are based on what we take to be two fundamental errors in Mr. Bennett's method—the belief in psychological thread-spinning for its own sake and the belief that emotion has no place in the creative artist's soul. The great realists have never been ashamed to shed tears. Balzac did it over the death-bed of old Goriot, as Thackeray did over the death-bed of Col. Newcome, as Dickens did over the death-bed of Nell, as Tolstoy did over the death-bed of Prince Andre—a scene in which he has put enough psychological verity, one feels tempted to say, to carry an entire "Clayhanger"—as Turgenieff did over the death-bed of Bazaroff, as Hardy did over the death-bed of Jude. The "big" books have always been written about such big things as birth and love and death.

## ANATOLE FRANCE—MAETERLINCK.

PARIS, November 24.

The literary event of the season has come, curiously enough, from the law courts. Twenty-seven years ago, the writer who signs Anatole France furnished the publisher Lemerre with a brief history of France. Neither the writer nor his name was then what it has since become; and the book may be safely regarded as one of the later tasks of his "hack" period. The publisher never brought out the volume; but now—under the shadow of a great name—he proposes to do so. Naturally, Anatole France of to-day refuses to be credited with work which belongs to another existence of his. His lawyer, Raymond Poincaré, had the happy thought to ask a consultation from an expert in the writing of history, Prof. Ernest Lavisse. Anatole France, Poincaré, and Lavisse are all three of the French Academy; and so the Third Civil Chamber had an unusual literary treat when the case came up. The words of Lavisse have permanent value:

> It is not permissible that an historian should be obliged to publish a history written by him twenty-seven years ago. During so long a space of time, the world has changed—the historian as well. . . .
>
> In every civilized country, the legislator has been busy drawing up bit by bit, with an incoherence which the lawyer will have to bring into order, a Labor code. Forty old statutes of labor corporations are by way of becoming international laws. This surely is something new.
>
> Along with the social question, the religious question has come uppermost—and it is far graver than it was judged to be by Voltaire and the Voltairians, who are an anachronism nowadays. These are only examples chosen among others of transformations going on before our eyes.
>
> Now the historian is a man who lives the life of his time and gives particular heed to the phenomena in which that life makes itself manifest. He is invincibly stirred to look with a livelier curiosity in the past at the phenomena which he observes in the present. And, to come back to our examples, the historian here and now will be preoccupied with social and religious things far more curiously than he would have been a half, or even a quarter, of a century ago.
>
> While the world changes, the historian changes also. The man that he is now has not remained the man that he was. Experience of life has given him new lights and feelings. As he understands the present better, he understands better and sometimes otherwise the past. I have seen with my own eyes a very great transformation going on in an historian of our times. When M. Duruy became Minister of State, he had already published the two first volumes of his "History of the Romans." He had written the third, which remained in manuscript during his ministry. The day he ceased to be Minister, he took the manuscript from its drawer; the old paper had yellowed; its author began reading—he was not content with it. This beginning of the history of the Roman Empire struck him as mediocre and cold. It was because, for years together, he had seen the reality of history; he had known personally those who make history—he had been one of them. He rewrote the volume. Between the two volumes from before his ministry and those which followed it, you feel that experience of life has intervened.
>
> Now each one of us, if only he has intelligence and feeling, grows rich by his own experience; and when he goes to his years far back, he is astonished at how poor he was then. And who, in our day, has more intelligence and sensibility than Anatole France? To ask a man like him to publish a work of his youth is to deny him the right to have lived.

The publisher offered to put on the first page of the book the date when it was written. The lawyer Academician accepted on condition that there should also be printed on the cover—"Published against the will of M. Anatole France!"

The award of the Nobel prize for literature to Maurice Maeterlinck takes us back nearly twenty years. His work, of course, is French literature; but, in accent as well as in thought and feeling, it belongs to Belgium. After all these years, it is not too much to say that Maeterlinck is a name to conjure with far more in England, and particularly in America, than in France—and, doubtless, more in Sweden.

In fact, the Nobel prize must go, by the will of the founder, to Idealist work. Now the ideal in literature was still out

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of fashion in French literature when Maeterlinck began; and it must be said that his particular cult of the ideal has few faithful even now. Of his first verses the Belgian Rodenbach, who was already known to Paris, said to reassure French readers: "These poems give the impression of a moonlit landscape seen sadly from behind the pale blue window-glass of a verandah!"

The first real attention was called to the Belgian newcomer by his little plays —of blind men, and "Pelleas and Melisande"—given at the little theatres where exotic drama was the fashion. The young men of the *Mercure de France* also swept him within the limits of the newer world and freer air which they have been trying to bring to the France of routine. Long afterwards, in these last years, opera-goers have sometimes heard Maeterlinck's thought to music even newer; and Madame Réjane has found a public at her theatre for the phantasmagoria of the "Blue Bird." The books which Maeterlinck has written—his humanized bees and the latest news from death—have had a sort of Figaro audience in the press, and, doubtless, readers fit though few elsewhere. But it must not be thought that Maurice Maeterlinck has won to himself the reading world of France or any considerable portion of it.

His public is still restrained to the young who are without tradition in either form or substance of literature. And his thought and fancy are alike un-French to a high degree. The conventional, the material, the matter-of-fact, and, most of all, the critical literature of those who try to turn their backs to the past without first assuring themselves of light and leading before them will still prevail in France until men and women cease to resemble Queen Bess in their intellectual motion:

Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass—
Making up her mind to face the cruel looking-glass!

S. D.

# Correspondence

## DIRECT LEGISLATION IN CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The struggles of the people of California with their Constitution during the past year have been so notable as to be worthy of record in the *Nation*.

In November, 1910, the people voted on and adopted eight amendments to the Constitution aggregating about 4,400 words. Eleven months later in October, 1911, they voted on twenty-three amendments to the same Constitution, aggregating above 15,000 words. The Constitution so amended was adopted in 1879 and was of the voluminous legislative sort, aggregating above 22,000 words. The significance of these figures may be better appreciated if we recall that the entire Constitution of the United States, without the amendments, amounts to about 4,000 words. Restated, in terms of the Federal Constitution as a unit, California has by popular vote in less than a twelvemonth, in two elections and by thirty separate enactments, amended a Constitution five and one-half times as long as the Constitution of the United States by matter nearly five times as long. I submit that this is "going some." I have a feeling that California has probably captured another record. But at least the endurance record remains to be contested for.

One of the amendments just adopted contains 3,600 words, and three of them above 2,000 words each. They range—I had almost said from grave to gay—but at any rate from initiative, referendum, and recall, judges included, to woman suffrage and the prescription of a thirty-day compulsory recess for the Legislature, after the main grist of the bills has been introduced. The whole structure of the State has been vitally altered, and it would be interesting to know to what extent it represents the real intelligent will of the electorate.

Of course, there are obvious physical, if not intellectual, limitations on the effective digestion of such a mass of legislation by four hundred thousand electors. As an aid, the secretary of state, under authority of law, sent to each registered voter a broadside thirty-eight by twenty-five inches in size and a supplemental sheet nine and one-half by twelve and one-half inches, containing the proposed amendments, together with arguments for, and in some cases against them. These sheets were densely printed on both sides in nonpareil type. Figures and specifications convey no idea of the repellent, not to say impossible, nature of this huge double-faced broadside, packed with scores of thousands of minute words as close together as the linotype could stick them. No doubt this was profitably referred to here and there, and without some such assistance the vote would have been a mere farce; but the writer has not yet discovered anybody who claims to have deciphered the entire sheet, nor is it conceivable that one voter in ten can by any possibility have read even the 15,300 words of the amendments themselves.

As bearing upon the amount of intelligent volition which such law-making involves, it is important to note that but one of the thirty-one amendments submitted in the year, involving as they did, and as it may well be believed they would, the government of the State in almost every aspect, was defeated. Everything else that was proposed went, though by varying majorities.

The official returns of the vote are now complete, and enable one to form some estimate, though not a very satisfactory one, of the extent to which a civic revolution represents deliberate public opinion. The total vote of the State for Governor at the election in November, 1910, when the first eight amendments were adopted, was 385,713. The vote at the recent election ranges from 246,487 down to 193,778, or, say, from 64 to 50 per cent. of the gubernatorial vote in the preceding November; the average vote on all the amendments being about 54½ per cent. of the standard. That the vote would have fallen far below this but for the interest taken in the suffrage amendment is undoubted. But, as it is, 55 per cent. of the people have, under circumstances of the utmost disadvantage and necessary unintelligence, passed a small volume of legislation on such other topics, besides the matter already mentioned, as weights and measures, city and county government, eminent domain, legal procedure, compensation for accidents, the civil service of the State, its public utilities commission, changes in school text-books, elections, justices of the peace, railway passes, clerks of courts, and exemptions from taxation. The woman suffrage amendment was carried by less than 1½ per cent. of the less than 64 per cent. of the electorate who voted on it. Some light is thrown upon the probable working of such wholesale popular legislation by the fact that, with the exception of one virtually non-contentious amendment (as to appeals in criminal cases), the largest vote (77 per cent. of the total cast on it) was given to the provision for the recall of all elective officers (which includes judges)—a measure which, whatever one may think of its merits, would, I suppose, quite generally be admitted to be in an experimental stage. Evidently, in California there are other things besides the guns that have no doubts, or none worth mentioning.

There is some occasion for encouragement in the fact that one relatively unimportant but vicious amendment authorizing peace officers and members of the Railroad Commission to accept passes from railways did manage to be defeated by a majority of 6,000 in a vote of 206,000, after having been denounced by the entire press and all the intelligent opinion of the State. While defeat is better than passage, its narrow escape from becoming fundamental law under even these circumstances is not calculated to exalt one's confidence unduly in direct legislation by the multitude.

Howard L. Smith.

Palo Alto, Cal., November 27.

## THE SHERMAN LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial on "General Laws" in your issue of November 23, commends the Sherman law for "its wide scope and careful use of legal terms." I am unable to reconcile this statement with the one quoted below from the *Harvard Law Review* for November. Speaking of the two recent decisions of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, the writer, Mr. Robert L. Raymond, says:

These decisions, when they came, justified those who believed that the logic of facts was stronger than the logic either of theories or even of tolerably well-settled law. In the two great recent cases, the Supreme Court effectually changed existing law. Confronted by a crisis, the judges had to choose between intellectual consistency and the practical demands of a difficult situation. In preferring the latter they merely obeyed a characteristic trait of the English-speaking race.

What advantage, may I ask, is there in the "wide scope and careful use of legal terms," if the law in which they are employed was not capable of being executed, was in fact an impracticable law. The logic of events in the twenty years since the Sherman law was passed has so thoroughly demonstrated this truth that argument ought to be unnecessary. The conditions

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of modern industry were such that whenever and wherever unregulated competition became a destructive force, trade combinations in some form were sure to arise. No statute could prevent them, for two of the strongest economic forces, cupidity and necessity, dictated them. Necessity knows no law, and where fear of failure in business is in conflict with fear of the law, the latter has but little effect on conduct. What is now needed, Senator Edmunds to the contrary notwithstanding, is an administrative act, which shall put into the hands of a commission, made up of able men who have had business experience, the proper regulation of all trade combinations. If this is combined with a carefully drawn Federal franchise, for all who are engaged in interstate commerce, we shall have gone far towards settling the problem of "the Trust."

ROBERT MATHEWS.

Rochester, N. Y., December 1.

## "A MODEST PROPOSAL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The methods of the spelling reformers remind one of Sandy, who, when his *frayed buttonholes* would no longer retain the buttons, removed the latter, and sewed on larger ones. Will not the results in both cases prove equally desirable?

The point of the whole matter is this: there is a discrepancy in the English language between spelling and pronunciation. Hitherto it has been taken for granted, so it seems, that the whole fault lies with the spelling. Now it is certainly possible to regard the pronunciation as at least equally to blame. Is it not then equally rational to propose that the pronunciation should be accommodated to the spelling? Is it not as well established as any law of Gresham or Ricardo that, as regards permanence, pronunciation cannot be compared with written forms? It is a truism that the spoken English of Shakespeare's time would be unintelligible to modern ears; whereas, the same printed page appeals to the eye now as then. Hence the logic of the lexicographer, who says:

> Much less ought our written language to comply with the corruptions of oral utterance, or copy that which every variation of time or place makes different from itself, and imitate those changes, which will again be changed, while imitation is employed in observing them. . . . To change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing.

If, then, there is a discrepancy, why may it not best be removed by modifying that element which admittedly is least resistant to change? Those who have heard German savants pronounce Locke, after the analogy of Dante, should be convinced that the proposal is not impracticable. German is held up to us as a *Mustersprache* in the matter of phonetic spelling; but is it spelling or pronunciation which makes *Gnade* phonetic, and gnat unphonetic? As a matter of fact, even the latest German spelling is far from being phonetic; but, if the discrepancy is slighter than in English, it is due largely to the persistent tendency of the Teuton to pronounce what he sees. If Germany has led the way in phonetic spelling, it must not be overlooked that even more emphasis has been placed upon uniform, grammatic pronunciation. This is for many reasons a primary desideratum, and, when attained, little will be heard about phonetic spelling.

ALBERT J. R. SCHUMAKER.

Upland Lawn, Pa., November 29.

## BARGAINS IN SICILY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The ruins of Messina are now being taken to pieces, and there is an opportunity to buy beautiful fragments of carving—columns, cornices, etc.—such as could be used with great effect in gardens and terraces. These are actually being thrown into the sea, to make room for new earthquake-proof cement structures. Also there are wood carvings. The cost of transportation is, of course, great, but many beautiful bits are being irretrievably lost for lack of any one to take an interest in them. The contractors in Messina themselves deplore this, but lack the funds to find a market. If any architects or dealers in America wish to find more definite particulars, I should be very happy to put them in connection with the people who have this work in charge.

MARY MOSS.

Villa Niclo, Taormina, Sicily, November 11.

## JONATHAN EDWARDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The essay on Nietzsche (*Nation*, September 21 and 28) called attention to the growth of the principle of sympathy in the eighteenth century: "The man who effected this great revolution, partly by virtue of his own genius, and partly as spokesman of his time, was John Locke, whose 'Essay Concerning Human Understanding,' published in 1690 as the result of eighteen years of reflection, became the Bible, so to speak, of the next century." It is quite striking that this same important book was the occasion of intellectual activity in the greatest thinker in America in the eighteenth century. Allen, in his life of Jonathan Edwards, says:

> The intellectual impulse came from the philosophy of Locke, whose "Essay on Human Understanding" Edwards read when he was but fourteen years old. The impression left on his mind was a deep and, in some respects, an abiding one.

In his early years Edwards established all his theology on this principle of sympathy. The results of this important thinking will be found in the "Notes on the Mind." He begins with the study of excellence, and comes to the conclusion that excellence, the highest good, is existence. In vain he tries to think of nothingness, and, in a very beautiful phrase, he speaks of nothing as "that which the sleeping rocks do dream of." The supreme law of existence is love:

> We are to conceive of the divine excellence as infinite general love, that which reaches all, proportionately with perfect purity and sweetness; yea it includes the true love of all creatures, for that is His spirit, or, which is the same thing, His love. And if we take notice when we are in the best frames meditating on the divine excellence, our ideal of that tranquillity and peace which seems to be overspread and cast abroad upon the whole earth and universe naturally dissolves itself into the idea of a general love and delight everywhere diffused.

Meditating on the divine excellence! How that phrase rings with Platonism! For it is quite familiar to all students of Jonathan Edwards, and the observation is impressively made by Allen, that Edwards, in his first years as a student, was a Platonist.

To this early position on the principle of sympathy, he returned as a man of fifty in his essay on the "Nature of Virtue." True virtue, he declares, is love for being in general. The foundation of our existence is the infinite sympathy of God for man, the foundation of all virtue is the illimitable love of man for God.

So in his last work and in his first, when he was removed from a stormy parish and a parochial controversy, when he lived in quietude in New Haven and Stockbridge, he made central and positive in his thought, "the divine excellence," "the love for being in general," "the principle of sympathy."

WARREN S. ARCHIBALD.

Pittsfield, Mass., November 24.

## DICKENS IN FRANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR. French interest in Dickens is at present manifesting itself in two unexpected ways at Paris. "Pickwick" has been a daily attraction for some weeks at a moving-picture show, while an adaptation of "David Copperfield," by Max Maurey, which has just been put on at the Odéon, appears to be the most promising of the newest productions of the legitimate theatre. The former is, of course, only one item of an evening's programme, but the latter deserves consideration as a serious effort to adapt the novelist to the French stage. It is viewed in this light by the press of Paris, which, with surprising unanimity, accepts the new play as a faithful rendering of the matter and manner of Dickens, and prophesies for it a long and successful career.

There can be no doubt that the play makes a very direct and simple appeal to the audiences which have filled the Odéon Theatre since its first presentation. Most of those present must be entirely unacquainted with Dickens. Their approbation was, therefore, called forth by the humor and pathos of the play itself, and not by any recollection of the novel.

One naturally asks how adequately such a production represents in its new form and language the mind of the master who made it, and how faithfully it follows the work from which it professes to be taken. It is difficult for one not a Frenchman to know how things English look to French eyes, and still more difficult to know how far the spiritual vision of the one race corresponds to that of the other. One thing is certain, however: the new version is not caricature.

In considering how faithfully the adaptation follows the original, it must be remembered that a dramatization of the whole of the novel in one play of reasonable length is an impossibility. Maurey decided to deal only with David's neglected boyhood. In doing so, he borrowed, however, incidents from later chapters of the novel, made an excursion into "Oliver Twist" for the fourth act, and inserted some details which, though possibly Dickensesque, are certainly not from Dickens. David gives a certain unity to the whole which justifies

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the title, but Micawber, in a desultory way quite in keeping with his desultory character, is actually the more prominent figure.

The acting was, of course, excellent, but was the Micawber of the Odéon the Micawber of Dickens? The Paris newspapers found him true to life. Having seen the same actor very recently in two rôles of Molière, I must confess to some doubts, but perhaps there is, after all, some resemblance between Molière and Dickens which has escaped the observation of most people heretofore.

CHARLES HARRIS.

Paris, November 24.

# Literature

## HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Dickens looms large in the holiday lists, owing, no doubt, to the approaching centenary. As elaborate an edition of any of his novels as we can recall for the general public is Dutton's "Pickwick" ($7.50 net), in two volumes of nearly full quarto size, in natural linen and gold, and with 123 illustrations by Cecil Aldin, of which twenty-four are colored plates. The page is handsome. Mr. Aldin's pictures, if placed side by side with the traditional illustrations for Dickens, are modern and realistic. They follow the original tradition in the detailed presentments of the powerful characters, but do not strive after the grotesque. His interiors are charmingly done. Less ambitious efforts are the "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," and "Martin Chuzzlewit," in single volumes of plain red buckram, with the colored illustrations by "Phiz" and Cruikshank, published by the Oxford University Press in conjunction with Chapman & Hall. The type is clear, the paper light. From Doran come four thin, richly illustrated volumes of Christmas stories by Dickens and Irving. The titles of the American author are "An Old-Fashioned Christmas Eve" and "An Old-Fashioned Christmas Day," and the illustrator is Cecil Aldin. The Dickens narratives are "A Christmas Tree" and "The Holly-Tree Inn." The illustrating is done by H. M. Brock (50 cents each). "A Tale of Two Cities" appears in The Burlington Library (Little, Brown, $1.25 net), as does "Cranford." Each of them contains twenty-four colored illustrations, those of the former being done by Sep. E. Scott, and of "Cranford," by Evelyn Paul. The volumes are of suitable size and weight for holding in the hand.

There are further two editions of the perennial "Christmas Carol," one by Crowell ($1.50 net), and the other by Doran ($2 net). The Crowell edition is more soberly bound than its companion, and its illustrations are in color from special drawings by Ethel F. Everett. A. C. Michael illustrates Doran's volume. Of a different sort is the Memorial Edition of Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" (Baker & Taylor, $7 net). The two large volumes do not amplify the text, their size being due to their hundreds of portraits, facsimiles, and other illustrations. The whole has been collected, arranged, and annotated by B. W. Matz. The portraits form an impressive gallery, embracing most of the prominent persons of the Victorian era in both England and America. Many of the pictures are published for the first time.

Further issues in the Burlington Series of classical reprints (Little, Brown, $1.25 net each) are "The Imitation of Christ," in which the pictures are reproduced from paintings by the old masters, and "The Essays of Elia," admirably illustrated by Sybil Tawse. The plan of these volumes makes them eminently suitable for holiday purposes. Each volume has twenty-four illustrations in color.

No more charming holiday book has been published this season than "The Romaunt of the Rose" (Holt, $5 net) in Chaucer's English version. The text is handsomely printed in double columns, with a sufficient Glossary at the end. But the pictures are the thing. These consist in reproductions of twenty water-color drawings by Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson of Four Oaks, which by their blithe decorative beauty and symbolic seduction really bring the observer into the proper mood to meet the author half-way:

> Nowe this dreme wol I ryme a-right
> To make your hertes gaye and lyght,
> For Love it prayeth and also
> Commandeth me that it be so.

The colors have come through the process of reproduction remarkably clean and clear.

George Edward Collins's colored drawings for White's "Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne" (Macmillan, $4 net) are both ornamental and useful. Only a few of them portray the birds whose habits the author observed so lovingly, but they reproduce the village and country of Selborne, and so add much to the vividness of the scenes in which the quiet drama of nature took place. The book is one of the best products of the retired country parsonages of England, and is not likely to be replaced by any of the noisy or romantic swarm of nature books now falling from the press.

Those looking for a gift-book of religious tone will find what they desire in "Happiness" (Revell, $1.50 net), the latest volume of Dr. Hugh Black's Friendship Series. It is printed with decorative borders. A dedication to Sir William Robertson Nicoll tells how the writing of the series was begun.

Two editions of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" attest the continued popularity of that great and real story of the sea. One is brought out by Macmillan ($2 net), with a brief Introduction by Wilfred T. Grenfell and full-page color illustrations by Charles Pears. The other (Houghton, $1.50 net) shows the excellent work of the Riverside Press, and is happily illustrated in color from drawings by E. Boyd Smith. There are, besides, maps showing the course from Boston round Cape Horn to California, and a key to the rigging of a ship which will help to make plain sailing for the unnautical reader. R. H. Dana, 3d, son of the author, contributes an Introduction and a concluding chapter, called Seventy-six Years After, which give a good deal of information about the book and about the later history of the men concerned in it. A sentence or two from the Introduction will show the spirit in which the editor writes:

> In the winter of 1879-80 I sailed round Cape Horn in a full-rigged ship from New York to California. At the latter place I visited the scenes of "Two Years Before the Mast." At the old town of San Diego I met Jack Stewart, my father's old shipmate; and as we were looking at the dreary landscape and the forlorn adobe houses, and talking of California of the thirties, he burst out into an encomium of the accuracy and fidelity to details of my father's book. He said: "I have read it again and again. It all comes back to me, everything just as it happened. The seamanship is perfect."

Lovers of "Lorna Doone" will be glad to see the Author's Edition of the romance in two small volumes with limp leather covers and a number of illustrations in photogravure from photographs of the Exmoor country (Putnam, $3). The book contains a facsimile of Blackmore's "Preface to Putnam's Exmoor Edition," dated June, 1890.

Some years ago those who have the scent for what is rare and fine were charmed by a little book called "The Roadmender," signed by the pseudonym of Michael Fairless. The story, with its religious musings and poignant symbolism, has not been forgotten, and is perhaps best read in the neat, unadorned form in which it first appeared. For those who prefer it in less modest style, it is now issued by Dutton ($2.50 net) with a number of attractive color illustrations by E. W. Waite.

Among the most attractive of McClurg's series with colored illustrations pasted on full-page dark-paper inserts is John Galt's "Annals of the Parish" ($1.75 net). Those who are not familiar with that volume of eminently dry and Scotch humor may be directed to this edition.

Though in no sense designed as a holiday book, the Oxford edition of Southey's "Life of Nelson" (Frowde) is neatly printed, and is supplied with maps, plans, and other illustrations. Lippincott's have another edition of "Nelson," in larger form, with Introduction by John Masefield and designs by Frank Brangwyn. ($2.50.)

Three editions of Tennyson's "Princess" appear in holiday dress. Two are issued by the Putnams, both in bindings of navy-blue cloth with gilt lettering and simple designs. The smaller ($1.50 net) is in some respect the more attractive, having rough unruled pages and head and tail pieces of neat device to mark the divisions of the poem. The illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn, which are uniformly in a dark brown tone, seem particularly happy. The larger Putnam edition ($2.50 net) has pages ruled with green and some half-dozen highly colored illustrations by Everard Hopkins, two of which at least are garish; but the numerous other illustrations in black and white, by the same artist, have a pleasant quaintness and fancy. Much more pretentious is Bobbs-Merrill's "Princess" in folio ($3 net), for which they have called in the aid of Howard Chandler Christy. He has furnished frequent marginal drawings, some of them slightly colored, in addition to several full-page illustrations, very much colored. Some of the latter are undeniably pretty and some are gorgeous, yet in every instance the princess has the tilt always ascribed by Mr. Christy to the American chin. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" is also brought out as a handsome gift-book (Doran). Devices of golden crowns and interlinked hearts decorate the dark-blue cover of this thick quarto; the pages of cream color have wide margins with occasional fancy initials. But the chief thought seems to have been given to the elaborate illustrations. Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale,

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who is responsible for them, has striven to reproduce the bright blues and reds and gold of mediæval art. The purples and violets with which she is lavish are very evidently meant to cast a proper poetic spell on the scenes; at times the drawing is a little stiff. ($5 net.) Another volume of Tennyson, published by Putnam ($1.50), gives "In Memoriam," with illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn.

Sheridan's "School for Scandal" is again made the object of a publisher's particular care, being issued this time in quarto, with a cover of rose and old gold. The illustrations, many of which are delicately colored inserts in the manner of the best prints of the eighteenth century, seize upon the most picturesque situations in the play. The original costumes, so far as they are known, have been copied (Doran, $5 net).

Broadway, which has always evoked interest and admiration from foreigners and which Americans are learning to view with something of the artist's detachment, has been well caught in typical bits in a volume taking its title from the street. The text is furnished by J. B. Kerfoot, literary critic of *Life*, and while at times sentimental, bears witness to the author's feeling that below and beyond the appearance of this great highway lies a secret of civilization worth searching for. Forty-three drawings by Lester T. Hornby emanate from the same mood. Care in selection, as much as anything, has made many of them little gems. (Houghton Mifflin, $2 net; also a large paper edition, limited to 450 numbered copies, 400 for sale; bound in board with paper label and uncut edges, $10 net.) "There used to be an old Frenchman," Mr. Kerfoot tells us, "who kept an unacknowledged restaurant in a lost corner of that part of Westchester County that is now the Borough of the Bronx; and a good many years ago two young men" (who one of them was is it hard to guess?) sought him out. With some reluctance he consented to serve them. "And now, Messieurs, what will you have to drink?" They had not thought to drink at all, but, discreetly as they supposed, ordered some claret, which the old man greatly commended, and "that cost (he somehow made the statement do duty at once as an apology and a diagnosis) six dollars the quart."

"Ah! what a wine that was!"

*L'addition* duly followed. It read:

| | |
|---|---|
| Two lunches at $1.00 | $2 00 |
| One bottle claret | 75 |
| Total | $2.75 |

Years have passed and "I think of that old Frenchman . . . and know that Broadway is not a robber of the guileless and a passer-off of spurious wares upon the unwary. It is smilingly giving to its children glimpses of their hearts' desires. Only it is wiser in its generation than the old Frenchman. It does not give its trick away. It charges them for what they think they want."

A book of unusual charm is "The Lure of the Garden," by Hildegarde Hawthorne, illustrated in full color by Maxfield Parrish, Jules Guérin, Sigismond de Ivanowski, Anna Whelan Betts, and others. The frontispiece is a lovely painting, made by Hobart Nichols, of rhododendrons on Professor Sargent's place in Brookline, Mass. The text brings together in pleasant narrative and description much of what gardens have meant to our ancestors in this country and Europe, both in actual life and in literature. Austin Dobson's "Garden Song" is the first of a series of poems on gardens and flowers which are fittingly included. In the cover design the publishers have shown admirable restraint. (Century, $4.50 net.)

Helen Archibald Clarke, who has tried to construct Browning's Italy and his England, Longfellow's country and Hawthorne's country, now turns to "The Poets' New England." It is largely an out-of-doors book describing as much as possible through passages chosen from our poets the bits of country and city which have made strong appeal. Numerous reproductions of photographs, some of them remarkable views, illuminate the text. On the cover is a highly-colored, idealized scene of river and farmstead. (Baker & Taylor, $2.50.)

Thomas B. Mosher's holiday books carry the familiar combination of a creamy paper, pretty initials, occasionally eccentric cover designs, and, above all, a fashionable slenderness. Hence Maurice Hewlett's "Earthwork Out of Tuscany," with its 250 pages, is something of a departure. In Mr. Mosher's traditional manner are Hewlett's "A Masque of Dead Florentines"; Oscar Wilde's "Sphinx"; "Poems," by Francis Thompson; "Sonnets and Songs," by the late Arthur Upson; "Chrysanthema," by William M. Hardinge; Emerson's "Threnody and Other Lyrics"; Whittier's "Snow-Bound," and Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill."

The twenty-seven plates in Edward Penfield's "Spanish Sketches" flame with agreeable color; that is the first impression. When one looks beneath the color he finds vivid characterization, with that touch in it of the Velasquez ruggedness that we have come to look for in Spanish physiognomy and Spanish landscape. (Scribner, $2.50 net.)

G. K. Chesterton's "Five Types" has been put into dainty form—square page, rough edges, and soft cover—by Henry Holt & Co. ($1.)

"The Sensitive Plant" of Shelley receives elaborate decoration at the hands of Charles Robinson in an edition brought out by Lippincott. On the cover of olive green is the plant itself, resplendent in gold. No more than a stanza is printed on a single page, and often the text appears only on alternate pages. This leaves ample room for the colored illustrations, several of which are truly beautiful, even though they are as vague as the symbolism of the poem. For sheer color-scheme the one which faces the stanza "A Lady . . . Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean," is excellent ($4.50 net).

"Stories from Hans Andersen," with illustrations by Edmund Dulac, is one of Doran's most sumptuous productions. The large type adapts it for youthful readers, but the illustrations will attract their elders as strongly. Indeed, there is in many of the pictures a representation of the more terrifying inhabitants or aspects of fairy-land that only the more mature mind can look at with equanimity. The volume is thus as useful for arousing memories as for creating first impressions. The plates are large, and elaborately drawn and colored, and many of them, as is the way with good illustrations, almost tell the story themselves. ($5 net.)

"The Ingoldsby Legends" (Macmillan, $2 net), is well made and clearly printed, and, despite its more than 500 pages, does not burden the reader who likes to carry his volume in his hand. The illustrations, by H. G. Theaker, are, for the most part, less rollicking than one expects, as if the figures in them were a little stage-struck. This is not true, however, of the plate depicting the excited call of the Baron for his boots in "Gray Dolphin," or of the one exhibiting the thumps and the bumps caused and shared by Blogg and his dog in "Mr. Peters's Story." In other respects, the pictures are as satisfying as the rest of the book.

Giambattista Basile's book of folk-tales is issued by Macmillan in John Edward Taylor's translation as "Stories from the Pentamerone." The selecting and editing are the work, well done, of E. F. Strange, and Warwick Goble has furnished illustrations of happy fairy-land quality. The colors are clearly reproduced. The book is suitable for children or adults. ($5 net.)

William N. Porter has made a collection of Japanese *hokku* poems, each a little stanza of three lines, giving as it were a fleeting glimpse into some mood of nature or some human emotion. These he has arranged under the twelve months of the year, and has printed the Japanese and his English version in parallel columns. ("A Year of Japanese Epigrams"; Frowde.) The illustrations are by Kazunori Ishibashi. We quote two of these tiny jewels:

> The nightingale's sweet trill,
> The splash of ripples on the shore,
> And all the rest is still.
>
> All things must pass, and soon
> Its nest will hide the cuckoo, and
> The clouds will hide the moon.

Coles Phillips, the illustrator, has gathered between boards a number of his pictures, some of which have appeared in periodicals, and has named the collection "A Gallery of Girls" (Century, $3 net). It makes an attractive gift book. Each of the full-page drawings is in vivid color and done in Mr. Phillips's skilful style. Charles Dana Gibson's picture book for this season, the eleventh in his series, is entitled "Other People" (Scribner, $4 net).

"Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods" (Doubleday, Page, $5 net) is conspicuous among *éditions de luxe* because of its imaginative and beautifully executed colored pictures. There are thirty of them (all full-page), by one of England's best illustrators, Arthur Rackham. While different from the stage pictures, they are nevertheless in harmony with the spirit of Wagner's poems. The translating of the book into English has been done by Margaret Armour in a way which makes reading it a pleasure. Many lovers of Wagner regard "Siegfried" as the best of his dramatic poems.

## THE MAKER OF ITALY.

*The Life and Times of Cavour.* By William Roscoe Thayer. With illustrations and maps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50 net.

This is the most important work upon the making of modern Italy which has been published in English, and the most complete critical study of Cavour which has appeared in any language. Italian Risorgimento history, 1815-1870, divides itself into two periods which overlap each other. The first, of which Mazzini was the prophet and Garibaldi the hero, is an uninterrupted story of con-

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spiracy and unsuccessful revolt against despotic government and foreign oppression; and this has hitherto proved the most attractive to the historian. The second period is that of social and economic reforms, of education in parliamentary government, and of keen participation in the struggles of European diplomacy and in the wars of the great Powers, the period in which the solid foundations of the Kingdom of Italy were laboriously laid and in which the education of Italians in the duties of citizenship in a free country was begun. This work of national regeneration was initiated by Piedmont and was extended through her, not by conquest but by consent, to all the other parts of Italy; and its success was due in an extraordinary degree to the genius and labors of one man, Count Camillo Benso di Cavour. Italy owes more to him than America owes to Washington or Germany to Bismarck, and his biography, which Mr. Thayer has now given with a master's hand, of necessity embraces the complete history of the early years of this constructive period. The student who would understand the Italian nation of to-day and appreciate the moral and economic forces through which, with steadily increasing vigor, it contributes to the world's progress—and Italy's power for good is far from being justly recognized in America—must first decipher the history of these vital years of her formation.

Twenty years ago Mr. Thayer published two volumes on the earlier period of Italian history, 1815-1849, under the title, "The Dawn of Italian Independence," and since then he has been continuously engaged in the preparation of the present work upon the years 1850-1861. There are no traces of haste in the work; on the contrary, it is not too much to say that it is characterized throughout by a maturity of judgment which among writers on the Risorgimento in English is to be found only in the works of Contessa Martinengo Cesaresco. No Italian since Chiala has studied Cavour's own writings in twenty-five and more volumes with equal appreciation and thoroughness. Mr. Thayer is completely saturated with Cavour's thought; Cavour's ideals are his ideals; Cavour's methods are his methods; Cavour's enemies are his enemies; and at times, in the light of published evidence to which the great statesman in his own day had no access, Mr. Thayer is more Cavourian than Cavour himself. He has vividly reproduced the Italian spirit of the time with its clash of systems, its rapidly maturing ideals of constitutional liberty and independence, its conflict of parties, and its readiness for heroic sacrifice. He has followed with particular minuteness the intricacies of European diplomacy in which Cavour was the master mind from 1858 to 1861; the Italian question was a European question, Italy was the storm centre of the period, and Mr. Thayer's analysis of the motives and vagaries of French and English as well as Italian diplomacy is so keen and thorough that his volumes must serve as a permanent source for studies not only of Italian foreign relations, but of the international relations of the great Powers from the interview at Plombières to the death of Cavour.

Cavour, born in 1810, was forty years of age before he attained a position of prominence, but the principles and methods which guided his later life were clearly developed in youth and early manhood. These chapters of the biography are based principally upon Cavour's letters and diary given in Domenico Berti's volumes, but they exhibit a psychological insight into Cavour's moral fibre of which Berti was altogether incapable. When but twenty-three years of age, Cavour defined in his correspondence, as Mr. Thayer states, the theory of right political method:

> That method which, he was destined to prove, may, in the hands of a master, be far more effective than revolution. It is the method of the highest Opportunism—not the Opportunism of Louis Philippe, bent only on keeping his throne, nor even of Bismarck, making unnatural alliances with political opponents for the sake of passing an unessential measure; but the Opportunism of a statesman whose acts all tend to the desired goal, although like the wise pilot he may lay his course to port or starboard, to catch a favoring wind or to ride out a gale. Opportunism has come to mean drifting, without chart or compass; Cavour meant by it that, having dedicated his life to certain principles, he would seize every means, use every tool, gain now an inch and now an ell, in endeavoring to make those principles prevail. To justify this method we must appraise the ideals by the goal arrived at; they may lead to mere Jesuitry, or, as employed by a Lincoln or a Cavour, to the crowning achievements of statesmanship.

From the summer of 1835 down to 1848, Cavour was chiefly occupied with the management of family estates at Leri, Grinzane, and Santena. His methods in agriculture and in his private commercial undertakings marked him for leadership in whatever sphere he might move. His bent, even in these earlier years was for public life, but fortune thwarted him:

> Denied the career of his preference he accepted the next best, accepted it manfully, without sullenness or whimpering, and threw himself into it with his whole energy. And his reward was not merely to amass wealth; it was to gain from practical experience knowledge of the conditions of his own land—most necessary knowledge, which must precede any wise leadership in the impending revolution; for this was to be, as he foresaw, in its essence a social revolution.

In this last sentence, Mr. Thayer has touched the key-note of Italian Risorgimento history. Conspiracy, political revolution, and the red-shirt played a vital part in the liberation of the peninsula from despotic government, and constantly urged the Italian people forward towards unity; but great constructive statesmanship, capable of forcing on the most far-reaching social and economical reforms, was indispensable, if a stable nation was to be created out of chaos.

Cavour entered the Piedmontese Parliament in 1848, and two years later, he became Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. From that time for eleven years, he was the commanding figure in Piedmont and in Italy, and during the last years of this period he triumphed in the international arena as the master diplomat of Europe. He is well characterized in this biography as "the most practical finance minister of modern times," and his herculean labors in carrying through progressive legislation, and in educating the Subalpine Parliament in the efficient use of its functions are accurately and strikingly portrayed. One of the most vital reforms was in the relations between Church and State. In the tremendous combat over ecclesiastical privilege and encroachment which ensued between the liberal forces in Parliament and reactionaries backed by the uncompromising power of the Papacy, which did not hesitate to use spiritual, as well as temporal weapons in the struggle to preserve its temporal "rights"—here, particularly, the courage, firmness, and wise moderation of Cavour determined the issue and brought victory to the cause of liberty and progress. In the account of this struggle in its various phases, Mr. Thayer, with a Lutheran fervor and pungency of phrase, allows no quarter to the Papacy. The extreme anti-Clericals—priest-eaters, as they are termed in Italy—will find much to delight them in these chapters, but other readers will perhaps wish that Mr. Thayer had taken a calmer tone. In view of the violence of his attacks against the hierarchy, he must be credited with much tact in his preface when acknowledging his indebtedness in the preparation of his work to a number of distinguished gentlemen whose names he gives, and to "certain clericals and eminent Jesuits." Had he divulged the names of these latter, he might have waked some morning to read in the official *Osservatore Romano* that their reverend heads had been smitten with the Vatican's major excommunication.

Cavour's first great move in the sphere of international politics was made in 1855, when he managed to effect a treaty of alliance for little Piedmont with France and England and sent about 18,000 Piedmontese troops to fight by the side of the French and English in the Crimea. It was an audacious step, requiring great sacrifices of men and treasure and offering but a vague hope of reward:

> But posterity looks back to it as one of

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the most brilliant strokes of statecraft in the nineteenth century. . . . It opened the door of possibility, and that opening warranted the cost and the risk. Cavour knew that, however the Crimean war ended, it must break up the system which had crushed Liberalism since 1815. Then reorganization would follow, and it would be fatal for Piedmont, both on her own behalf and as the champion of the oppressed peninsula, not to take part in the new ordering. Convinced that progress depended upon the extension of liberty, and that liberty's hope dwelt in England and in France, Cavour believed that Piedmont must be identified with the Western Powers, for they could not decently ignore the precedent of such a partnership.

Mr. Thayer's account of the Congress of Paris is one of the strongest chapters of his work. As he points out, the confidence which Cavour won in Italy as champion of the Italian cause of liberty and nationality "would of itself have warranted the Crimean venture." Furthermore, the sympathy of Napoleon III, which was shortly to prove the determining factor in Italy's future, also resulted from it. Cavour's biographer evinces little admiration for the French Emperor:

> This bastard Napoleon, who so imposed on his contemporaries by his sphinxlike reserve. . . . He had a keen eye for the main chance, he could sanction the most brutal crimes, (witness the massacres of the *coup d'état*), and then, with amazing inconsistency, he would risk immoderately for what seemed to the world the caprice of a visionary. The truth is that he was a doctrinaire of the less common sort, being intermittently importuned by his principles, as periodic drunkards are by their craving for drink.

At the interview of Plombières, in 1858, Cavour persuaded Napoleon III to join Piedmont when occasion should present itself to oust Austria from the Italian peninsula. Cavour's struggle during the first months of 1869, to provoke Austria into declaring war, is one of the most thrilling pages of diplomatic history, and full justice is done it in these volumes. An account of the Franco-Italian campaign against Austria in the plains of Lombardy follows, and then Mr. Thayer enters the diplomatic labyrinth which extends over the period of the annexation of Central Italy, the expedition of the Thousand, the invasion of the Papal Marches, and the conquest and annexation of Southern Italy. He is at his best, as Cavour was at his best, in the intricacies of diplomatic conflict. He never forgets that Italy is but a part of Europe and that the solution of the Italian question in its different phases depended in great part on the shifting and readjustment of European influences. He keeps in mind at every step the changing interests and sympathies of the great Powers, giving the best account that has been written of Cavour's three years of victorious struggle with the chancelleries of Europe. Garibaldi and the Party of Action were never able to understand the European situation; they believed that twenty-five millions of Italians, differing though they did in the various states in temperament, civic education, and traditions, shackled though they were by Austria in the north, by the Papacy in the centre, and by the Bourbon dynasty allied to Russia in the south, could nevertheless defy the Governments and armies of Europe. Garibaldi and Mazzini created as many difficulties for Cavour as did the foreign diplomats, but the great statesman, now encouraging and utilizing, now checking the revolutionary forces, managed always skilfully to turn their energy and enthusiasm to the benefit of the national cause. Mr. Thayer judges Mazzini and Garibaldi in their relations with Cavour severely, but in the main justly. Garibaldi always acted as if he were above the law—no Garibaldi has ever been known to pay taxes in Italy—and since his death his noble and heroic figure has generally remained above the laws of historical criticism. His name has become symbolical of Italian glory and patriotism, and no biographer of Garibaldi has succeeded in resisting the fascination of his character and in describing with impartiality his human frailties and errors. But Mr. Thayer in the present work, with frankness and sincerity, has subjected him to the common canons of criticism, and in so doing has performed a notable service to Italian historical studies.

The last paragraph of the writer's conclusion is a strong but not exaggerated statement of Cavour's claims to immortality:

> It is because Cavour, by the rare blending of reason and disciplined emotion, guided to victory the most marvellous and difficult struggle for freedom recorded in modern times, that his name will be cherished by generations yet unborn and by races yet uncivilized. Whoever fights for liberty anywhere, fights for the uplifting of mankind everywhere. . . . Among the champions of liberty, since the beginning, none had a nobler vision of her beauty, none confided in her more loyally, none served her more wisely than Camillo di Cavour.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*Adrian Savage.* By Lucas Malet. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The high praises of Latin love and of the "diverting and captivating" people who are "born on the humane, the amiable, the artistic side of the channel" are herein set forth in contradistinction to a "revelation . . . of the blighting effects of a sea-frontier and a Puritan descent." Truly a sombre background they are made to provide—"those uncomfortable middle-class Anglo-Saxons"—that the sprightly artificiality of the dear French people may be thrown into advantageous relief.

Adrian, in his polished perfection, is the direct descendant of the *beau idéal* of nineteenth-century French romance. To be sure, an English father has been postulated for him, but he owes to his paternity little save (possibly) a strain of pugnacious loyalty—judicious ballast for an otherwise volatile nature—and (certainly) the cousinly obligations that draw him, all unwilling, oversea into Stourmouth society and the ill-fated *affaires* Smyrthwaite. His steadfast devotions are directed to the centre of all adoration, *la belle* Gabrielle, an exquisite young French widow in whom a madonna-like preoccupation with her deliciously polite little Bette unites with a modish affectation of independence to baffle the masculine mind. Adrian, finding her no less alluring than difficult of approach, is perpetually arrested in graceful attitudes of disconcertion—now "bounding on to his feet, his expression eloquent of the liveliest repudiation and reproach," now "drumming with his closed fist upon the region of his heart." He, constantly adoring, is himself adored, though turning a decently oblivious shoulder, by the ecstatic figure of Joanna Smyrthwaite. Alas, poor deluded Joanna, with her conscience, her diary, and her Mrs. Browning quotations!

Upon *la belle* Gabrielle's other hand stands a grotesque little embodiment of French excess in René Dax, the "Tadpole," both vicious and childlike in his deformity as in his genius—cartoonist, poet, madman. Between him and the lady to whom he makes adroit overtures through her little daughter, intervenes the alert, bedizened person of the French "spinster with a past," Anastasia Beauchamp, the indomitably young, whose single state is solaced by "memories" and enlivened by a thousand confidential and sympathetic offices. In her wake follow two humble transatlantic guests at this erotic symposium, the "slightly unfinished," literary Byewater, and the "black and white artist," Lenty B. Stacpoole, both a bit dazzled and walking delicately lest they ignorantly offend against some sacred old-world convention. On the opposite side of the picture, behind Joanna, as it were, loom the bulky outlines of two lusty English lovers, Joanna's buxom sister, and her rapacious Challoner, while the lurking apparition of a third Smyrthwaite — "brother Bibby" — illustrates how the prodigal fares on either side the Channel, here succored against his will by the cynically humane René Dax, there violently murdered by his prospective brother-in-law.

The carefully pointed contrast is quaintly furthered by an imitative English rendering of polite French conversation. "'Stay, madam!' he cried, joining his hands as in supplication. 'Stay, I implore you, and permit me a few min-

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utes' conversation. By this you will confer the greatest benefit upon me; for so, and so only, can misunderstandings and misconstructions be avoided'"—thus Adrian preludes his declaration. Mrs. Harrison has always an uncommonly amused eye for the antics of the amorous male. A Thackeray-like note of affectionate raillery robs the praises of the polite hero of overt absurdity, although the composition as a whole is something of an anachronism, treating twentieth-century life in the manner of an earlier school, and expresses in full the peculiar talent of its author, a talent oddly compounded of a smouldering imaginative vein and an urbane humor.

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*Her Roman Lover.* By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

That the author is a disciple of Henry James is evident; and the influence of Mr. Howells shows occasionally. But devotion to good masters is not so necessary as a knowledge of human nature for the making of a satisfactory novel. The plot of the story, which is well handled, is not very different in its central idea from that of "The American." The scene is modern Rome. A young Italian of good family is in love with an American girl of New England birth and ancestry. More unreal characters than these two it would be difficult to find in modern fiction. Gino Curatulo is a foolish cad; Anne Warren is absolutely flat and uninteresting. Curatulo is described as a passionately amorous person; yet when he is alone with his fiancée his wildest deed is to "kiss her fingers one by one." There is but one passion which Miss Frothingham successfully describes, and this she decidedly overdoes. She harps on the one string of jealousy until her audience is nearly deafened. Curatulo's jealous rage makes him insult Anne repeatedly, and finally causes him to jilt her. With an impetuosity for which the reader is entirely unprepared, Anne pursues him to his home. Here he replies to her importunities with repetitions of his former insults, and saying, "You shall have something to remember, maiden that I have called Puritan!" kisses her "madly, on her eyelids, her lips, her throat." After a struggle she escapes to the street, to find her father and a long-suffering American lover awaiting her. A virulent attack on the clergy of the Roman Church comes as an unexpected blemish. Alice Barber Stephens's delicate and graceful illustrations of this novel are worthy of especial commendation.

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*The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry.* By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Amazing is the word, to which might be added exultantly humorous. The volume contains three tales. The first and longest relates the adventures of Letitia and her two spinster friends in the wards of a hospital, where the heroine succeeds in unearthing as stupendous a mystery of crime and mischance as often encumbers a detective story. The adventure, to tell the truth, is a bit too complicated and the humor a little overlaid. The two shorter tales, which carry the three maiden ladies into regions of bewildering romance and audacity, are as provocative of laughter as anything we have read for many a day. The last adventure, particularly, is a little gem of extravagant drollery.

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*Cap'n Warren's Wards.* By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Of the first novel published by a character in this story it is said "there was something in its humanity, its simplicity, its clearly marked characters, which made a hit." These same features, already familiar in Mr. Lincoln's work, mark this, his latest story. And although it is with regret and misgiving that the reader sees the old Cape Cod captain depart for New York and stay there through the story, yet most of his surroundings bear definitely on the very definite business he has in hand, and he is not the mere rustic in town which has been darkly expected. Receiving word while on his native cranberry bog that he has been appointed guardian to the two children of a long-estranged brother, lately deceased in New York, he is naturally greatly mystified. To investigate the matter he goes to New York and there finds a financial tangle, and a haughty niece and nephew, surrounded by such self-seeking friends as plenteously abound in the cities of fiction. But Cap'n Elisha, aided by honest lawyers and cheered by descendants of mariners from Maine, is more than equal to the emergencies that confront him. His genial heart and his shrewd head are a combination against which guile and worldliness and greed fight in vain. A Thanksgiving dinner on Cape Cod ends the story—without ending the diners, let us humbly hope. It is the captain's deep-water flavor and salty sayings and amphibious shrewdness that give the book its quality.

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*The Jugglers.* By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York. The Macmillan Co.

This little story of a company of French players in the time of the Franco-Prussian war tinkles gayly along from Picardy to Paris. In the Paris of the siege and the Commune black shadow falls, sparing, however, brave Diane and the man she loves, but leaving the pang that attaches to beholding heroic sacrifice made by the unheroic.

Miss Seawell has imparted a French crispness alike to comedy and tragedy in this tale. Her compression is the more masterly, inasmuch as the characters are by no means drawn from standard types. They might have been analyzed and accounted for, which would have spoiled them. From aristocrat juggler to bourgeois priest, they range—from sturdily honest music hall singer to the rascal in whom a share of conventionality is forgivable.

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## TWO BOOKS ON NAPOLEON.

*Blücher and the Uprising of Prussia Against Napoleon, 1806-1815.* (Heroes of the Nations.) By Ernest F. Henderson, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

*With Napoleon at Waterloo and Other Unpublished Documents of the Waterloo and Peninsular Campaigns.* Edited by MacKenzie MacBride. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

It is nearly a century since Waterloo was fought and won, but the war of the military critic and the historian still goes on. Mr. Henderson seeks, as he says in his preface, "to establish Blücher in his rightful position as the peer of Wellington in all that concerns the overthrow of Napoleon. . . . Without his brave endurance at Ligny, in spite of the non-arrival of the promised reinforcements, Wellington would have been overwhelmed at Quatre Bras and there would have been no Waterloo." On the other hand, E. B. Low, in one of the papers edited by Mr. MacBride, takes as his text Emperor William's address to the recruits in Hanover informing them that their ancestors had, with the assistance of Blücher and the Prussian army, "saved the British under Wellington from destruction." Mr. Low then points out that the Hanoverian troops under Col. Hake fled in a panic from the position on the field of Waterloo to which they had been ordered by Wellington; and that for this their colonel was promptly and properly cashiered by court-martial and the men were distributed among the other cavalry regiments. He also declares that had Wellington not made a stand where he did in front of Waterloo, but retired further toward Brussels, "as he was entitled to do on discovering that the Prussians had failed to fulfil their engagement by joining him at the first attack, the whole army of Blücher must have been destroyed" and suffered "a fate compared with which the débâcle of Sedan would have faded into insignificance" (p. 201). The truth lies, as usual, between these two extreme views. Neither of the volumes can be regarded as a big gun in the controversy. Neither makes any great contribution of important new material, and neither is provided with the careful and convincing citation of authorities which is absolutely essential for any satisfactory determination of the thousand and one disputed questions

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in regard to the details of Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo.

Mr. Henderson's lack of documentation is due to the plan and limitations of the series in which his hero appears, and cannot, therefore, be made a reproach to him. His pages show, however, by his carefully guarded statements, that he has conscientiously consulted the best authorities. He does not pretend to any original criticism or technical military knowledge. He has depended chiefly on certain good German biographies of Blücher. In the vexed questions of the Waterloo campaign, he has adopted generally the Prussian views of von Lettow-Vorbeck ("Napoleons Untergang," 1904). He mentions also his indebtedness to the writings of other high officers in the Austrian or Prussian armies, in comparison with which "purely literary works like those of Houssaye, for instance, who is an academician and not a military man, seem very puny." This is dismissing the brilliant Frenchman a bit too cavalierly. Mr. Henderson passes rather lightly over Blücher's defeat at Ligny, and, in trying to excuse his hero by blaming Wellington for giving Blücher hopes of assistance which were not realized, we think he has been unduly severe on the English general. But aside from such occasional partiality toward his hero at the expense of the reputation of others, he has written a good biography. It is clear, simple, and very readable. It is adequately provided with sketch maps for the military events, and is well illustrated by an unusual number of rather rare pictures. The first quarter of the book gives a spirited survey of the first seventy-one years of Blücher's life as soldier, farmer, and gambler. The remaining three-quarters deals with the three momentous years from the Prussian rising in 1813 to the triumphal entry into Paris in 1815. Such an allotment of space to the last part of his life may seem ill-proportioned. It is, nevertheless, correct. Blücher's importance in history, and his right to stand among its heroes, rests on his energetic leadership of the Prussian troops during these three years, when he had already passed his allotted three-score years and ten.

Mr. MacBride's volume is a collection of miscellanies. Their general purport is the glorious military career of certain Scots in particular and of the Scots Greys in general. There are interesting extracts from hitherto unpublished journals by two Gordon Highlanders, Nicol and Robertson. They were valiant soldiers whose simple journals cover a campaign with Abercrombie and Moore in Egypt, the terrible retreat through Spain and the disembarkation at Corunna, and the famous charge at Waterloo which broke up D'Erlon's closely packed battalions. Nicol's journal also covers his adventures as a prisoner in Spain and France from 1809 to 1811. The editor has added translations of the diaries of Jardin Ainé, Napoleon's equerry at Waterloo, and of another alleged eye-witness spoken of as one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp; the latter is hostile to Napoleon and is, we believe, of very dubious authenticity. The most picturesque chapter is the naïve account of Waterloo by the last survivor of the Scots Greys who took part in the battle, Sergeant-Major Dickson, exactly as he related it in 1855, after several glasses of toddy, in the coffee-room of a Fifeshire inn. His description is singularly fresh and vivid, as if it had all happened only the day before. It is printed by the editor with the same solemn seriousness with which it was doubtless related by Dickson in 1855. But if it were subjected to a rigid analysis, according to the canons of historical criticism and with our present knowledge of the battle, many of the gallant major's best points, we suspect, would have to be rejected as the unconscious exaggeration of a good narrator, or as the incorporation of things not actually seen by himself during the battle, but only heard of from others afterwards. Nothing grows in repetition and retrospect so much as an old soldier's story of the great fight of his youth. Mr. MacBride has also included two papers by the late E. Bruce Low; one describes in detail the heroic defence of Hougoumont by the Coldstream Guards, under Sir James MacDonell; the other, from which a quotation has been made above, defends Wellington and his troops against the excessive claims of the Prussians to the honor of the victory at "Belle Alliance," as the Germans insist on calling the battle of Waterloo.

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*The Rise of the Novel of Manners.* By Charlotte E. Morgan. The Columbia University Press. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.

It is possible to question the value of a thoroughgoing "scientific" examination of the evolution of the novel, but, the value once admitted, the humblest forms of fiction, if they have ever had real vitality, become significant. From this point of view, Miss Morgan makes a mistake in declaring that "the popular fiction, generally speaking, had no literary merit; and, as it had no other aim than immediate success, it rarely possessed more than ephemeral interest, so that on the whole it may be regarded as a *negligible* factor." If it had "ephemeral interest," if it achieved "immediate success," it is not "negligible." Miss Morgan's contempt for chap books, contemporary stories of crime, travel, and adventure, ignoble flying pamphlets, and miscellaneous journalistic riffraff makes her narrative weak in one of its most important links.

In quite another connection we are similarly offended by the use of the word "negligible" where "neglected" seems to be the proper term. After noting the numerous editions of Sidney's "Arcadia" in the seventeenth century and admitting that references to it are "legion," Miss Morgan ventures to assert that "so far as our own fiction is concerned, the influence of the 'Arcadia,' although it remained a popular book for so long, due [*sic*] in part, perhaps, to the prestige of Sidney's name, is a *negligible factor.*" This kind of negation is, in the first place, in the highest degree perilous. There is no possibility of proving the truth of such an assertion. On the contrary, every investigation of the matter is almost certain to produce evidence tending to refute it. When an important work like the "Arcadia" is widely read over a long period of years, there is an overwhelming presumption that it will be widely influential. Already, in fact, there is considerable proof that it was not a negligible factor; and we have no doubt that, when the problem is carefully worked out, Professor Raleigh will be sustained in his declaration that its "influence reached down to the second birth of the novel in England"—to the "Pamela" of Richardson.

Miss Morgan rightly regards her contribution as rather a preliminary survey than an exhaustive description of the area chosen. She attempts merely a "succinct account of the more important types of prose narrative between 1600 and 1740" without any profound researches into their origins or a very consecutive tracing of their evolution—an undertaking, indeed, that requires the skill of a man who can drive a dozen protean and unruly horses abreast with a dozen as unruly foals careering about his chariot wheels. We suppose that it is due to a difficulty in driving that the "Gargantua" of Rabelais (died 1553) appears (p. 44) among the comic romances "more or less closely modelled" upon the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes (born 1547), and that—a less confusing case—the works of the Duchess of Newcastle (1624?-1674) are treated in the chapter on the novel from 1700 to 1740. In her conclusion, Miss Morgan distinguishes three main divisions in the movement of fiction through her period: the division from 1600 to 1660 is characterized by romance largely adapted from foreign sources with no English originals of literary significance; the second division from 1660 to the close of the century, by the vogue of realistic stories developed from French and Spanish *novelle;* the third division, in which Defoe and Swift appear, by a more decided bent toward sentimentalism, didacticism, domesticity, and realism, due to a complex of moral, political, social, and economic causes.

Miss Morgan's work will be useful to

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students of fiction not only for what it accomplishes but also for its revelation of the necessity of further researches. With this purpose in view, she has wisely devoted about one-half the volume, or nearly 130 pages, to bibliography and index. The bibliography includes: 1, Works of General Reference; 2, Works of Special Reference; 3, Sources of Bibliographical Information; 4, A list of Prose Narratives first printed in English between 1600 and 1740; 5, A list of the most important Reprints; 6, A list of Collections; 7, An alphabetical list of the More Important English Writers between 1600 and 1740. The bibliography is by no means complete, and the bibliographical references in the text are not infrequently misleading, because they are given without any warning of their incompleteness; for example, the Dictionary of National Biography and the catalogue of the British Museum list many other editions of Greene's pamphlets than those listed on page 18. The index, furthermore, though fairly extensive, omits innumerable names and titles which occur in the text. In spite of its shortcomings, the bibliographical apparatus doubtless constitutes the most valuable half of the volume, and these easily corrigible defects should receive attention if a new edition is issued.

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*The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon.* A Hunter's Explorations for Wild Sheep in the Sub-Arctic Mountains. By Charles M. Sheldon. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

*A Search for the Apex of America.* High Mountain Climbing in Peru and Bolivia, including the Conquest of Huascarán, with some Observations on the Country and People Below. By Annie S. Peck, M. A. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

So far as any book professes a scientific aim, it should pass the test of fixing the reader's attention upon the subject rather than the author. This the volume of Mr. Sheldon does, but we imagine that few readers of Miss Peck's pages will be as deeply interested in the work of her mercurial and aneroid barometers, hypsometers, sphygmographs, psychrometers, and clinical thermometers (which had the habit of getting left behind or out of order at critical moments) as in the personal fortunes of the author, and especially her trials and tribulations in dealing with stupid, insubordinate, and faint-hearted assistants of the sterner sex.

Mr. Sheldon's purpose in the Yukon region was primarily a study of the color variations and habits of wild sheep, though he picked up by the way a great deal of information on other forms of animal life and on the configuration of the region. A portion of the volume covers a trip up the MacMillan River in company with the well-known hunter and naturalist, F. C. Selous, who has himself included an account of this trip in his "Recent Hunting Trips in British North America." The two men had different aims, however, and the duplication is not sufficient to injure Mr. Sheldon's narrative. One will certainly not blame him for repeating in substance the sketch which Mr. Selous gave of Mrs. Hosfall, the half-Indian wife of an English trapper who is bringing up a family of bright, healthy, and well-trained children amid direst privations.

Mr. Sheldon concludes from his studies on the field that the habits of all wild sheep on this continent north of the range of the Ovis Canadensis of the Rocky Mountains are substantially identical, the slight variations being due to local, topographic, and food conditions. The diverging type of horns seen in the first specimens of the Ovis Stonei brought from the Stikine River region does not constitute a distinctive characteristic. The diverging horns are found to a greater or less extent wherever sheep exist, and later specimens from the Stikine region furnished the more common narrow type. Mr. Sheldon is also skeptical as to the sufficiency of the basis on which some have sought to make a three-fold classification by differences in skull characters. The differences seem to him too slight, on present evidence, for separation into anything more than very weakly marked sub-species. The sheep do not seem to roam very widely, and a destructive enemy will exterminate those of a given range, rather than drive them to another. The disappearance of flocks near mining camps and lines of travel, where hunting has been common, does not, therefore, mean any material increase in numbers elsewhere. Mr. Sheldon points out at some length what he takes to be serious difficulties in the theory of protective or concealing coloration. In another volume, he expects to enter into a more detailed study of the scientific side of his subject.

As already intimated, Miss Peck's volume makes its appeal rather as a story of personal adventure than as a contribution to scientific knowledge. It would not be fair to her, however, not to mention her complaint that the scientist who accompanied her in her attempt to ascend Mt. Sorata, in 1903, never furnished her with a transcript of such observations as he made, up to the point where the project was abandoned. As the gentleman in question is no longer among the living (she does not once name him in her book and we shall be equally reticent here) it does not seem worth while to take up the question how far she succeeds in throwing the burden of the failure upon him. Readers are rather weary of the bickerings of explorers at present. Her main achievement was the ascent, in 1908, of the north peak of Mt. Huascarán, in the Peruvian Andes, which has a height of slightly less than 22,000 feet, as determined later by triangulation. Thus, she says, "my ten long years of effort had culminated in the conquest of a mountain at least 1,500 feet higher than Mt. McKinley, and 2,500 feet higher than any man residing in the United States had climbed." While Miss Peck stopped near the goal in an unsuccessful attempt to make an observation with the hypsometer, one of the Swiss guides slipped away and preceded her to the summit, a wholly inexcusable breach of professional etiquette and ordinary good manners. The narrative closes with an intimation that she has not yet lost her ambition to find the apex of the hemisphere and possibly surpass the highest record yet achieved.

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*The Greek Commonwealth: Politics and Economics in Fifth Century Athens.* By Alfred E. Zimmern. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.90 net.

Mr. Zimmern has written one of those lucid, unpedantic, yet thoroughly learned books for which classical philology must thank French initiative and example, and which English readers associate gratefully with the name of Gilbert Murray. The number of French names in the index of modern writers is noticeable, although Eduard Meyer and Willamowitz-Möllendorff inevitably give the Germans a slight arithmetical preponderance. Francotte, Cavaignac, and Glotz are the leading authorities, and the logical coherence and formal charm of the book show where the author has been to school. The mood of the hour is to extend relations in every direction, and thus to come to a better understanding of exceptional nations, such as, for example, the Jews or the Greeks, by elucidating that which they have in common with other men, and Mr. Zimmern's book is an excellent essay in the gratification of this mood. It does not pretend to make any fresh contribution to the mass of facts, nor even to offer any great number of novel combinations. It is therefore free from *parti pris* and is the fruit not only of knowledge, but of good sense and discretion. Where one side of a disputed question is adopted in the text, material for forming an independent opinion is offered in the ample and entertaining notes. It does not follow that all scholars, will be entirely satisfied with all the author's judgments, but it does follow that the general reader can come to little harm.

The study opens, as books on Greece are apt to open, with a description of the geography, the soil, and the climate of the country, and these chapters are so freshly written that they are among the best in the book. The second division,

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entitled Politics, summarizes the present state of information and belief in regard to the origins of Greek institutions with their psychological corollaries, and ends with a translation of the "Funeral Oration." The reconstruction of fifth-century politics benefits by the author's determination to keep Plato and Aristotle out of it. As he judiciously remarks, "It is as unsafe to rely upon them for the facts of the fifth and preceding centuries as it would be to rely upon Carlyle and Ruskin for the facts and spirit of English life before the Great Reform bill and the Industrial Revolution."

The third and longest division deals with Economics, and contains a number of interesting essays on the peculiar civilization and culture of the Greek state, with its public splendor and private poverty in distinction from our modern situation in which every man consoles himself for the ugliness of his city by establishing his idea of beauty in his own house. Two of the most important chapters deal with slavery and should be useful in dispelling the vulgar error which views Athenian society as an economic aristocracy similar to that of our Southern States before the war. This error was, of course, exploded long ago by a German, but who except the scholars is the wiser?

Mr. Zimmern closes his book with an outline of the Peloponnesian war somewhat remarkable in that it follows Thucydides's statement of the *casus belli*, in defiance of Mr. Cornford and Mr. Grundy who have been insisting that Thucydides knew nothing about it.

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*The First American Civil War.* First Period, 1775-1778. With chapters on the Continental or Revolutionary Army and on the Forces of the Crown. By Henry Belcher, Rector of S. Michael-in-Lewis, Sussex; Fellow of King's College, London; Chaplain to the Forces. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.50 net.

It not infrequently happens that the traditional names used to designate great movements or periods of history are misleading, and it is rare that they are altogether satisfactory. Yet the substitutes which historians have sometimes ventured to offer for them are most often even more unsatisfactory. "Renaissance," for example, may not be exact, but at least it means something, and is therefore much better than "Close of the Middle Ages," which means nothing. And one may suspect that any attempt to replace "American Revolution" with some other name, such, for instance, as "War of Independence", or "American Civil War," will prove to be a failure also. It has often been pointed out that the American Revolution was not revolutionary at all, but the reverse,—an attempt to conserve essential principles of English liberty. This is of course good Whig doctrine; and, judging from the title of Mr. Belcher's book, one might suppose him to be a good Whig, intent merely upon affirming for the thousandth time that American patriots joined with their brethren in England to thwart the despotic designs of George III and his Tory friends. But nothing, as it happens, could be farther from the truth. Mr. Belcher, a sound Tory himself, is grateful to George III for breaking the power of the Whig aristocracy, and has no end of clever sarcasms at the expense of men like Burke and Pitt, Hancock and Adams, whom American school books treat with so much respect. And so, while Mr. Belcher doubtless uses the term "Civil War" partly in order to emphasize the opposition between Patriots and Loyalists, one suspects that his title is after all only one of the many sprightly sentences which he delights to turn for the laudable purpose of shocking complacent American prejudice.

The American Revolution is one of those events which look large only when seen from some distance. Viewed in perspective its importance is seen to lie mainly in the great things that came out of it: it has the distinction of being the initial event in a series of events which within a century were to transform European society, and, more especially, it prepared the way for the most momentous experiment in democracy which the world has seen. So regarded, perhaps we may still call it a revolution. But in itself, one must confess, it does appear rather petty. It produced comparatively few heroic figures or great actions. Certainly it is not difficult to find in it much flimsy argument and fustian rhetoric, much base intrigue, much sordid motive, and cruel reprisal. Now, in dealing with the causes and general significance of the Revolution—something above half of the present instalment is devoted to the events before 1775—it is mainly upon these superficial aspects of the movement that Mr. Belcher fixes; the rioting and the smuggling, the tar and feathers, the wanton destruction of property, the possession of slaves by men who themselves so ardently desired liberty, furnish occasion for much wit, and sarcasm, and apt Latin quotation. The American grievances, he thinks, were slight enough—the pretexts used by smugglers and intriguers to further their own ends; and the erstwhile heroes, always excepting Washington, of whom Mr. Belcher has a very high opinion, are reduced to very small scale, indeed. Like S. G. Fisher, Mr. Belcher destroys without remorse all our idols, and, being a clever and well read man, possessed of strong prejudices, held in reasonable restraint by a sense of humor and the desire to be fair, a man to whom expression comes easily, and one who writes without fear and without too much research—why, he has produced a sprightly and entertaining if somewhat rambling and unorganized account of the preliminaries of the American Revolution.

Perhaps the central enigma for the historian of the Revolution to resolve is this: how, out of conditions that always seemed hopeless, success came at last. Now, our grievance against Mr. Belcher is not that he has dandled, so irreverently, all the cheap shoddy of our heroic age before our eyes, but rather that he has done so little to show how results of world-wide importance could have come from so much provincial small-mindedness. Of course, it is well to know that there was much smuggling; and that is well known already; but it is better to know—Mr. Beer's books would have helped Mr. Belcher here—why smuggling was so persistent and general a practice that it had ceased to be regarded as an offence. Every one knows, presumably, that the stamp tax was light; but the stamp tax is of less importance for an understanding of the Revolution than the Sugar Act and the Currency Act, neither of which, we believe, is mentioned by Mr. Belcher. "When the hurly-burly was over," we are told, "the little hypocrisies of Whig opportunism entirely vanished." But this is to miss the very important point that the conservative leaders worked throughout to prevent the radicals from dominating the movement: to maintain their privileges from British oppression on the one hand, and from the encroachments of the propertyless classes in the colonies on the other, was the principal dilemma of the "Whig opportunists." If Mr. Belcher had understood this he would have understood why Washington, for example, hated the Loyalists with so bitter a hatred; the Loyalists were hated not so much because they sided with England as because they first helped to get the colonies into a mess and then left them in the lurch. Until 1776 Peter van Schaack and John Jay worked side by side on the same committees in resistance to British measures. But Van Schaack, although convinced that the British measures were unconstitutional, was not willing at the last moment to resort to force to maintain colonial rights. Jay naturally regarded him as a traitor to his own principles, and thought that by his action he made it peculiarly difficult for Jay and his party to check the radical movement. It is not probable, but it is possible, that if the Loyalist leaders had never resisted British measures, or having resisted them had stuck to it, the war might have been prevented. It is certain that in that case there would have been less riding on rails.

Perhaps we have said too much about the introductory part of Mr. Belcher's work; for, as we may reasonably ex-

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pect two more volumes covering the period from 1778 to 1783, it will be when completed primarily a history of the war itself. About one-half of the part now published is devoted to a description of the two military services and to an account of the military events from the campaign on Long Island to the Battle of Saratoga. Here Mr. Belcher is more at home, and his work becomes far more consecutive and better ordered. He desires to defend the British army against the charge of being the "scum of the earth," and he is reasonably successful in doing so. The chapters in which he shows from what classes the army was recruited, how it was organized and maintained, and those in which he explains the incredible failure of Howe to take advantage of his opportunities, are the best in the book. The explanation of Howe's actions follows the usual lines, although certain traits in his character and the personal animus of Germaine's conduct are emphasized more than is usual. Whatever the explanation, we are enabled to see once more that Howe might have ended the war almost any time from 1776 to 1778. This conclusion is made too absolute perhaps by discrediting the effectiveness of the colonial resistance. Even Washington—so great as a man—is not credited with exceptional ability as a general. The main point, however, is now well established, and certainly it is a point of cardinal importance in any attempt to explain the success of the American Revolution.

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—II.

Among the reprints we welcome a sumptuous edition of "Tom Brown's School Days," with illustrations by Louis Rhead, who spent some time at Rugby making them, and with an introduction by W. D. Howells, who now seems to be sponsor for every famous juvenile published by the Harpers. E. Boyd Smith is quite the fashionable artist these days; he illustrates anything and everything, from the Century Company's tasteful "Æsop" to Capt. Marryat's "The Children of the New Forest" (Holt). We are glad to be assured that in no way is the text abridged, and the color plates, with their predominating delicate tones of blues and greens and reds, are full of action and excitement. Scarcely a season passes that another "Gulliver's Travels" is not placed upon the market. This time (Dutton) the cover design, all blue and gold, is very inviting, while the illustrations by A. E. Jackson are more stereotyped than fanciful, as they should be. We are assured by the title page that the text has been adapted for the young. "Robinson Crusoe" (Stokes) also comes to us in new dress, pointing to the fact that there is still sale for Defoe, notwithstanding the modern fiction flowing from the presses. This is an importation. The gentle face of George MacDonald appears on the wrapper of a new edition of his "The Princess and the Goblin" (Caldwell), a fairy tale that never stales and that defies imitation, like "Alice in Wonderland." The modern color pictures are not of the best, but with them are included the old woodcuts which add a delightful flavor to the book. Another MacDonald reprint is "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood" (Caldwell), which has the quality of appealing to the adult reader as well as to the child.

At last Andrew Lang has come to the end of his tether regarding the horde of folk-tales with which he has been regaling the young through a perfect rainbow series of books; by Mr. Lang we also mean his wife. In the same sumptuous form as heretofore, this year we have received "The All Sorts of Stories Book" (Longmans), wherein he competes with Dumas in "The Sword of D'Artagnan" and with Poe in the "Story of the Gold Beetle." There is the history of the true Robinson Crusoe, and "Monte Cristo" is shortened in dexterous fashion.

We turn with pleasure to a rich cover design bearing the title, "The Sunset of the Heroes" (Dutton), whose author is W. M. L. Hutchinson, and whose illustrator is Herbert Cole. In the prologue we are told how the apple brought war to Trov Town, and thereafter are narrated the dire consequences. Of heroic character and of service to the lovers of opera, as well as of interest to the older child, is Mary Blackwell Sterling's "The Story of Parzival: The Templar" (Dutton), based on the poem of Wolfram von Eschenbach. The author is ambitious to have her version used in the schools, for she not only explains the meaning of the story in an introduction, but she also gives a key to the six themes of Parzival, and points out the ethical teaching and the relation to ancient tradition. There are copious notes. And while we are on the subject of the opera, it were well to notice Anna Alice Chapin's "Königskinder; or, The Royal Children" (Harper), which has been very appropriately turned into a story for children. Lovers of the opera will find the music motives, which are scattered through the text, of especial interest.

There are never too many books of fairy tales, and "A Child's Book of Stories" (Duffield), fairly well selected by Penrhyn W. Coussens, and illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith, in charming color pictures, will be a sumptuous gift for any child of six or more. The assortment is historical in scope, including some of the best-known of Aesop, Grimm, Andersen, D'Aulnoy, and Perrault. The book is thick, and will bulk well on the Christmas tree. Anatole France, with the kindly assistance of Mrs. John Lane as translator, has written a fairy tale entitled "Honey-Bee" (Lane), and it is pleasant to find that his purpose is to counteract the want of imagination which generally confronts the youthful world.

Those who are on the lookout for plays will find several collections. Guy Pertwee is the author of "Scenes from Dickens" (Dutton), a timely volume for this season, and one wherein the original text is used as much as possible. Edwin Bateman Morris, with a thorough appreciation of the ways of college youths, has published a series of "College Comedies" (Penn), where he attempts to give some idea of the life in college during the four years. Millicent and Githa Sowerby have written some "Little Plays for Little People" (Doran), while Ruth Arkwright is the author of some charming playlets, "Brownikins and Other Fancies" (Stokes), containing music by J. W. Wilson and pictures by Robinson.

The "Go to Sleep" stories (Stokes), by Stella G. S. Perry, are full of somnolent matter, and Miss Ethel Brown's "The So-and-So Family" (Dutton) contains pictures which the artist drew when she was only nine years old. This latter book is one of the cleverest we have had this season and will please the adult reader. The realism is particularly striking. We recommend Lucy Fitch Perkins's "The Dutch Twins" (Houghton), with simple text and very soft drawings. This is an ideal book for the nursery.

There is only room to mention a few volumes of fiction. The deluge is enormous this year, and the series continue to the ninth and tenth degrees. For boys we would draw attention to Hayden Carruth's "Track's End" (Harper), the *édition de luxe* "Treasure Island," with illustrations by N. C. Wyeth (Scribner); Arthur Stanwood Pier's "The Jester of St. Timothy's" (Houghton), Walter Camp's "Old Ryerson" (Appleton), William W. Canfield's "The White Seneca" (Dutton), and countless stories by Barbour, Dudley, Stratemeyer, and Tomlinson.

For girls we would mention Etta Anthony Baker's "Fairmount Girls in School and Camp" (Little, Brown), Mrs. Wiggin's "Mother Carey's Chickens" (Houghton), Mrs. Burnett's "The Secret Garden" (Stokes), and many volumes of the series class issued by the Lothrop Co.

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# Notes

A translation of Wilhelm Boelsche's "Das Liebesleben in der Natur" has been announced by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Ellen Key's rejoinder to the critics of her theories of love and marriage is to be published immediately by Huebsch, under the title, "Love and Ethics."

Donald Evans's volume of poems, entitled "Discords," is promised for this week by Brown Brothers of Philadelphia.

The following new publications of Houghton Mifflin Co. are issued this week: "A Little Pilgrimage in Italy," by Oliver M. Potter, illustrated by Yoshio Markino; Vol. II, completing A. Maurice Low's study of "The American People," and "The Truth about Chickamauga," by Archibald Gracie.

Theodore Christian's "Other Sheep I Have," announced by Putnam, is written in the interest of church union.

To the series of Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature, Putnam will shortly add "The Moral Life and Moral Worth," by W. R. Sorley.

The Henry Bradshaw Society of London has in hand the second recension of Quignon's Breviary; the Colbertine Breviary; the second volume of the Stowe Missal; a facsimile edition, by Edmund Bishop, of St. Willibrord's Calendar, in MS. 10,837 of the National Library at Paris, and an edition of the "Liber Festivalis."

"The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court" (Little, Brown), by Clare Jerrold, tells in a series of chapters the lives of the frail and beautiful women who surrounded Charles II, and whose portraits, painted by Lely at the command of the Duchess of

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York, now hang in Hampton Palace. The anecdotal side of Charles's reign has been a good deal written-up of late, but the present volume goes over familiar ground with decent sprightliness. The portraits are well reproduced.

The episode of George III and Hannah Lightfoot is one of those exasperating legends that the regular historian hates to touch. That George, when Prince, did at a very early age have some flirtation or *liaison* with this girl of the people, a good many years his senior, there can be no doubt; but the nature of the relation, its consequences to George and to the lady, are so involved in loose and contradictory tradition that there seems, unless new documents come to light, to be no way of arriving at the truth. The story has been told at length by Mary L. Pendered in a substantial volume called "The Fair Quaker" (Appleton). All the evidence is here, all the conjectures, and an honest suspense of mind on the part of the author. The book is unfortunately much padded. The infamous Miss Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, has been much written up of late, and there was no need in the present work of retelling her life at length, simply because rumor has named her as the go-between in the Prince's escapade.

A. C. Benson's latest volume of essays, "The Leaves of the Tree" (Putnam), takes rather a new form for the author, and with advantage. Between an Introductory chapter and an Epilogue he gives eleven character sketches of men whom he has known more or less intimately. Owing to his associations as son of Archbishop Benson, dignitaries of the church figure largely in the collection, which contains four bishops —Westcott, Wilkinson, Lightfoot, Wordsworth—besides Charles Kingsley. All these sketches are interesting and cleverly turned. The chapter on Matthew Arnold is, in our opinion, decidedly the weakest of all, for Arnold was just the sort of personality that Mr. Benson is constitutionally incapable of understanding. This incapability extends so far that Mr. Benson does not even seem to be familiar with Arnold's works. Otherwise, he would not have called "Balder Dead" a play, nor, in the face of Arnold's great sonnet, would he have said that Arnold "did not care for Shakespeare." There is in this chapter, also, a touch of the common ineptness of the smaller critics who first deny the existence of standards and then proceed to criticise dogmatically by a standard of their own. Mr. Benson is at his best in the portrayal of such whimsical characters as Professor Newton and the librarian, Henry Bradshaw. Here he is delightful. The Introductory chapter and Epilogue are a little marred by the infusion of Mr. Benson's insipid piety.

The considerable amount of Andrew Lang's prose writings has tended to divert attention from him as a poet. Yet his verse, which has just been reissued in a convenient little volume ("Ballades and Rhymes"; Longmans, Green), shows a kind of vitality to which the present generation might well give heed. Some of it is graceful trifling such as Austin Dobson and Locker Lampson are expert in, and none of it has any apparent message other than to please; but in it all is a real poetic flavor coming as much as anything from the consciousness that poetic moments are rarely to be forced. Ever since Kipling hammered out his hard lessons the feeling has got abroad that poetry is real, is earnest, only if its tone is downright. Mr. Lang's appeal is all the other way, and is furnished by his complete assimilation of past traditions, especially the classics, and his dependence upon them to insinuate color and give perspective to the treatment of present themes. His verse is full of delicate echoes which are too well managed to sound academic. For him Apollo is still lyric and the world, at least of poetic feeling, still animated by the sunny sprites of pantheism. The success of his experiments may be taken as a warning that of all literary forms poetry the least can be rudely cut off from its traditional trend.

There is a fine futility in George Hamlin Fitch's "Comfort Found in Good Old Books" (Paul Elder & Co.), which discusses the "best sellers," from the Bible and Homer to Boswell and the "Rubaiyát." Intended for persons of an early defective education, the volume contains such sparkling bits of information as that "the great plays of Shakespeare are little read" in the same breath with the assurance that people "go to them for comfort and sympathy in affliction as they go to the great books of the Bible." Further on, the author counsels the recently bereaved to seek consolation in Omar Khayyám. The book should make a well-nigh universal appeal. Dante students, for example, will be interested to learn that the "Divine Comedy" was "struck off at white heat," and foreign critics may be set agog by the question, "Who taught Dumas the perfect use of French verse?" However, the artistic press-work and illustrations make it a suitable holiday present for a lukewarm friend.

To write a book about Paris—old or new—and fail to convey its sounds, its *nerves*, its smells, is to transliterate a lyric and omit all rhyme and rhythm. This is precisely what G. Duval has done in his attempt to translate the glamours of the history playground of France ("Shadows of Old Paris," Lippincott). Shadows, in a literary sense, always connote impressions, colors, *nuances*. Parisian shadows above all others, when they pretend, like these, to glimpse the rambles of François Villon, the burlesques of Scarron, the peripatetics of Marmontel, and the Palais Royal of Louis XV, must fairly flow with the style and the passion that have rendered the word *gaulois* so inimitable and so eternal. It is in all these needs—and these alone—of a book on Paris, that the volume is wanting. Data there are a-plenty. The author apparently has studied and garnered, far and wide, with the result of an occasional contribution to the anecdotal storehouse. But the command of the author over the spirit of the facts he has so sedulously assembled, is non-existent. The best that the book can find to say about Maître Villon, for instance, is: "that rare and delightful poet, that incorrigible scalliwag (sic), the boldest and merriest of these impossible rapscallions." And in an attempt at atmospheric conversation at an old inn, the author commits the crime—typical of the entire book—of having the Comte Saint-Armand say to Voiture: "Odds fish, man, have a drink." The illustrations, by J. Gavin, are clever in technic and of sufficient atmosphere.

The conception of "A Concordance to the Poems of William Wordsworth" was announced less than four years ago by the Concordance Society. With the unpaid assistance of about sixty persons, in recording the quotations, arranging them, and reading proof, Prof. Lane Cooper has been able, in two years of actual labor, to prepare a volume of 1,136 pages, with double columns, containing about 210,000 references (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Everything depended on his method, and his method was admirable. Not the least part of his service is that he has described his plan in the preface, for the benefit of future compilers. The Concordance will be useful in large libraries, for readers who wish to identify quotations *from Wordsworth; and no other English* poet, except Shakespeare, is so often quoted. Certainly Pope no longer holds second place. It will be a help also to students of our language, for it is the largest systematized record of English words and phrases actually employed by one man between 1787 and 1847. And it will, of course, be especially valuable to readers who have a particular interest in Wordsworth. In examining the Concordance, one is struck more forcibly than ever before with the modernness and plainness of the poet's vocabulary. The fact stands out that after 1796 or 1797 he practiced very consistently his theory of poetic diction, avoiding archaisms and special forms. A whole chapter in literary history might be written on the basis of his use of the word *liberty*, as disclosed in the Concordance. At first it has a political significance, with definite revolutionary shading, but gradually he came to use it in a merely personal sense, or, at certain periods, as an attribute of English institutions. But whereas he uses *liberty* ninety-one times, he uses *nature* about 550 times; and to observe the meanings he attaches to this word is to learn much about his philosophy.

The compilers of the Concordance have done their work with a carefulness which is beyond praise. The list of *errata* is marvellously short, and many of them are but slight. An examination of about ninety references has failed to reveal others. The basic text is the one-volume Oxford edition of Wordsworth, a choice justified by the extreme accuracy of Thomas Hutchinson's editing. Mr. Cooper must have hesitated, however, before renouncing the advantages of a chronologically arranged text. He has wisely included not only the latest, but the earliest, versions of "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches," and also several poems and the exquisite stanza from "Louisa," which Wordsworth rejected in his revised works. Mr. Cooper and his colaborers deserve great credit for the skill and patience with which they have performed their self-sacrificing task. Their enthusiasm must have been kept alive by the editor's animating belief that "the notion of discarding any large section of Wordsworth's writings as if they were of relatively little value, or unnecessary to the comprehension of the rest, is as pestilent an error as the same notion would be if applied to Lucretius or Plato."

Pierre Ponafidine, author of "Life in the Moslem East" (Dodd, Mead), is Russian Consul-General in Constantinople, and formerly held similar positions in Teheran, Tabriz, Bagdad, and Meshed, with a total of thirty-six years in

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all of Oriental experience. Of the depth of his knowledge and the accuracy of his observation there can be no question, and he has produced a most informing and entertaining book, heartily to be recommended as an unpretentious study of various phases of life, religion, and custom in Mesopotamia, Persia, and Arabia. He knows Persia especially well, and in consular courts has learned that seamy side of life which tends to make pessimists of lawyers, Oriental or Occidental. Years of residence, too, in Meshed—a sanctuary of refuge—have not tended to lighten his views. He is especially strong on the woman question. Yet he has kept his balance fairly, in spite of the many startling and repulsive details of criminal and family law with which officially he has had to deal. A sense of humor and a liking for outdoor life have evidently helped. Thus, his chapter on Arab horses is full of vitality and the clear air of the desert blows through it. Scattered throughout, too, are quite valuable bits of recent history—concerning the brief empire of Ubeidullah the Kurd, the almost briefer tobacco monopoly which led up to the revolution, and a cholera epidemic in Bagdad. Unfortunately several chapters are included in which his knowledge is by no means first-hand. But an even greater drawback to usefulness is that the proofs have not been read by the author or by the translator, his wife, or apparently by any one who knew anything about the subject. In consequence the proper names and the scraps of Arabic and Persian are sometimes deformed out of all recognition, and can never be trusted. This carelessness has invaded the English text. It must be by misprints that an Arabic phrase (p. 18) which means "the chain of the saints of Allah" has been rendered as "the chain of the sacred gods"—something to give cold shudders to any Moslem. There are forty-one excellent and fresh illustrations.

As the feminine genius who incarnated the spirit of the French Revolution in its earliest, purest, and most idealistic stage, Madame Rôland has always possessed a strong fascination for English-speaking peoples. Her personal beauty, her ardor and disinterestedness, have enhanced her prestige, and a legend has grown up around her which her sufferings and premature death by the guillotine have served to sanctify. Even the question of her attitude, involved in that of the Girondins, towards the September massacres and the execution of the King, has not been able to affect her popularity. Nor does M. A. I. Taylor, in his "Life of Madame Roland" (Brentano's), present much that will materially alter such heroine-worship, though he lifts it wholesomely from the slough of sentimentality, and presents a humanly passionate person. The labors of Claude Perroud, the latest editor of her Memoirs and letters, on which Mr. Taylor has largely based his own book, have done nothing to fasten upon either of the Rolands, man or wife, any responsibility for the excesses committed during the former's brief tenure of power. At most he was weak and incapable of strong resistance, while she, if anything, was too unpliant, too outspoken in the expression of her likes and dislikes. Had she been disposed to conciliate Danton, she might, Mr. Taylor thinks, have done much to change the course of events. It is on her private life that most light has been shed by later revelations. That she had a lover among the men who formed the inner circle about her husband and herself has always been known, or at least pretty strongly surmised. But precisely who this lover was has remained doubtful. We know now that he was François Buzot, the young, ardent, and visionary member of the Convention who was responsible for the idea or the principle of some of the severest repressive measures adopted by that body, if not for the measures themselves. To her husband, although she continued to live with him, she confessed her love for Buzot, and to the latter she wrote letters from her prison. Though maintained on a high moral and sentimental level, this passion for a man who has been described as a "younger Roland" strikes the one discordant note in Madame Roland's character. It is hard, after reading Mr. Taylor's account, to rid oneself of the impression that she needed the constant stimulation of a passionate love affair. Roland was old, and his wife, tiring of him, cast about for a new emotional prop or support. Such should seem to be the story in a nutshell. But much here must be attributed to the age, far more "advanced" in many of its ideas even than the present, for which spiritual freedom seemed as indispensable to individual self-respect as did political liberty to the dignity of mankind collectively.

George Macaulay Trevelyan has had the happy thought of selecting a volume of "English Songs of Italian Freedom" (Longmans). He has prefaced the anthology with an Introduction, and notes at the head of the poems explain the circumstances under which they were written, or to which they refer. How keenly Mr. Trevelyan feels the present situation may be judged from the closing words of the Introduction:

> The "red, white, and green" has become one of the least honorable of the "commercial assets" waving over a militarist and financial Europe. Yet sometimes, somewhere, for a little, ideals stir the masses of men, and at all times the tourist in Italy will do well to remember that but sixty years ago it was death to show these three colors, that the thought of the hidden flag was the sacrament of a great faith and of a pure and mighty brotherhood, and that English poets, the like of whom are no longer found in the world, felt their hearts throb at the sight of that foreign flag.

"The Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims, and Its Place in the Life of To-day" (L. C. Page) is a well-written and tastefully made book. The author, A. C. Addison, has read the authorities industriously, and gives in small compass an attractive résumé of the essential incidents of the Plymouth settlement. To some extent he magnifies his subject. He knows that thirteen years before the landing at Plymouth, Jamestown had been settled, but apparently he has slight appreciation of the fact that the Virginia colony, too, contributed in important ways to the transplanting of Anglo-Saxondom to America. Though his interest in the men of Plymouth is a trifle excessive, it imparts a glow to his narrative. The life of the Pilgrims, in England and Holland, as well as in the new world is elaborately and graphically described. One vivid passage, Mr. Addison states, he wrote while locked in a prison cell, in which three hundred years ago members of the band were incarcerated. So far as possible the fortunes of each individual of the company are followed out, and the dates of birth and death assigned. The many illustrations have great excellence.

Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie, whose "Recollections of a Parisian" (Putnam) are edited by his daughters and translated from the French by Lady Theodora Davidson, was a notable medical practitioner in Paris during much of the first half of the nineteenth century. Born in the year 1789, in Périgueux, he came to the capital in the heyday of the Empire, and entered upon his professional career in 1815, at the time of the occupation of the allies. He boasts that he lived "under six sovereigns, two revolutions, and a republic," and his reminiscences of the events which he witnessed are interesting and often illuminating, as he mixed much with all classes of society. Of the great Revolution, he naturally remembered little himself, but he came from time to time in contact with many of its survivors, whose subsequent fortunes would make an interesting study in the mutability of human affairs. The wild Jacobin become a solitary eccentric living in a garret; the thief of a Queen's diamond necklace sunk to the position of ticket-taker in the Odéon Theatre; the bloody Barère, talking harshly of the Convention at a bourgeois dinner table—these are some of the transformations. Dr. Poumiès, being a good bourgeois, favored the Revolution of 1830, and deplored that of 1848, which overthrew his favorite monarch, Louis Philippe. Among the leaders of the second movement, he does not hesitate to affirm the dishonesty of such men as Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin, and the incapacity of Lamartine. Of the latter as a man of letters, he has little to say, save to deprecate the bad effects of his "Histoire des Girondins." Indeed, he evinces little sympathy with the major literary movement of the period. His favorite poets were the forgotten Lemercier, Jasmin, and the Abbé Delille. Vigny repelled him because of his excessive conceit. Sometimes these reminiscences reveal the author as a prosperous family practitioner, priding himself on his taste in literature and the soundness of his judgment in all matters. Many of Dr. Poumiès's anecdotes of the more exalted personages mentioned in his pages have the note of respectful distance, and some of them are credited as coming from friends of the great men concerned. But a sort of sublimated back-stairs gossip, as much of it is, the book is not without value as the record of a long life lived in exciting times, by a man of good heart, observant in his habits, and shrewd, within certain limitations of class prejudice, in his judgments of men and events. Dr. Poumiès died in Paris in 1863.

The "New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls) has reached Volume XI, which includes titles from Son of Man to Tremellius. The twelfth and final volume is promised early in 1912. The editors are Samuel Macauley Jackson and George W. Gilmore. They are maintaining the character of the work with even excellence. The articles record progress and convey information, but do not advance new theories nor extend knowledge. The spirit is tolerant and catholic, with a leaning to conservatism, especially in doctrinal theology and Biblical criticism. Noteworthy articles in the present volume

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are Sun and Superstition, by George W. Gilmore; Theological Education, by Ferdinand Cohrs; Theological Seminaries, by various authors; Swedenborg, by Frank Sewall, and Ecclesiastical Symbolism, by Stuart Chambers. In the article on Theological Libraries there is much valuable information as to where notable collections and important and rare volumes on religious subjects may be found in the various theological seminaries and universities of America.

"The Superstition Called Socialism" (Lippincott) declares its author, G. W. De Tunzelmann, "appeals to the rational thinking man or woman, and is not addressed to the emotionally unstable individuals who are swayed from side to side by mere rhetoric." Yet the 372 pages that precede these words raise a doubt as to Lloyd George's title, bestowed upon him by the writer, as "the first gentleman in Billingsgate." "It would be an insult to the memory of men of the stamp of Ernest Renan and John Stuart Mill," Mr. De Tunzelmann exclaims "to refer, on the same page, to the ignorant and vulgar outpourings of men whose intellectual capacities are measured by the fact that the inconsequences of Karl Marx, and even more obvious sophistries, present themselves to them as rational argument." The present chancellor of the exchequer could scarcely hope to do better than this. Mr. De Tunzelmann rides, armed cap-à-pie, through many domains. His first feat is the demolition of Karl Marx; his last a castigation of the Asquith ministry. The materialistic determinists get it hot and heavy, and Prof. Haeckel is assailed with peculiar virulence. Our author strikes so hard and fast that it is not surprising that many of his blows fail to draw any blood. Yet his book is not wholly a bundle of futilities. Ever and anon one encounters remarkably shrewd characterizations.

The sixth annual congress of the Società Nazionale per la Storia del Risorgimento Italiano, held in Rome from the 23rd to the 25th of October, ratified the transfer of the permanent seat of the society from Milan to Rome, a step which places the society in close touch with the National Commission for Risorgimento History. The new president is General Pedotti, formerly minister of war. The most notable feature of the congress was the presentation of the first volumes of the Biblioteca Popolare di Storia del Risorgimento Italiano, a collection of biographies which the society voted to found four years ago. The first volume is a life of Vittorio Emanuele by Attilio Simione, the second a life of Cavour, by G. Bragagnolo and E. Bettazzi. They are published by L. F. Cogliati (Milan) in 16mo, are well printed, and well illustrated, contain about two hundred pages each, and are sold for one franc the volume. These first biographies have been writtten with substantial correctness, and because of their simple style should prove useful to foreigners.

The death is reported from Rochester of the Rev. Dr. Howard Osgood in his eightieth year. He was professor of Hebrew in the Rochester Theological Seminary, resigning in 1900; was a member of the Old Testament Committee on Bible Revision, and prepared Leviticus and Numbers for the Schaff-Lange Commentary. A number of articles in the *Baptist Review* bore his name.

William Max Reid, who died recently in Amsterdam, N. Y., aged seventy-two, was a member of historical and scientific societies, and wrote several books, among them: "History of St. Anne's Church and Queen Anne's Chapel," "The Mohawk Valley—Its Legends and Its History," "The Terrible Mohawk," and "The Story of Old Fort Johnson."

From St. Louis comes the report of the death of John Pierre Frieden, S.J., who was born in Luxembourg in 1844, and came to this country in 1869. Since 1908 he had been president of St. Louis University.

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*The American Journal of International Law* for October, just issued, opens with a noteworthy paper by Ernest Nys on Codification as applied to this particular branch of the law. It interestingly supplements other papers and addresses of recent date that have appeared in previous numbers and in the *Proceedings* of the society whose organ this quarterly *Journal* is. M. Nys goes back to Bentham, and cites his co-operation with the makers of the laws enacted early in the century by the South American republics after their achievement of political autonomy; it is a chapter in the life of the greatest of law reformers not generally known. He quotes from a discourse of Portalis, 1804, a criticism on codification as a whole that reads as though it might have been James C. Carter's text for the elaborate pamphlet he printed, several years before his death, in opposition to a codification of the general law, wherein he asserted that laws once codified always tend to remain; that they tend to rigidity, in spite of progressive ideas. In England, Bentham's own country, while consolidation of statutes has largely taken place, actual codification has been confined to the colonies, conspicuously to India. The final act of the last Hague Conference, cited by M. Nys, no doubt illustrates the tendency of drift towards the formulation of codes; it expressed the view that the preparation of regulations relative to the laws and customs of naval warfare should figure in the programme of the next conference.

There is also in this number a paper on Military Tribunals and Their Jurisdiction, by the late Gen. H. W. Halleck, which was discovered among his notes. Gen. Halleck, author of a work on international law which is so well thought of that in England edition after editon, carefully edited, has been issued, had considered the appropriate scope and jurisdiction of courts-martial and military commissions, especially in places remote from the field of actual military operations. His deduction was, that persons of whatever rank, profession, or occupation might, in time of war or public danger, be subjected by Congress for military offences to the jurisdiction of courts-martial; but that, though military commissions might investigate and report, might present facts and make recommendations, they never should impose any finding or sentence.

There could be no better way to put a check upon source hunting than for a former expert in the science to protest against its abuses; and Prof. R. E. Neil Dodge's brief sermon, reprinted from *Modern Philology*, will no doubt be listened to as authoritative. He gives a beautiful example of one of the half-likenesses which have lured to destruction many a neophyte. With the opening of Gray's "Elegy" in mind let the reader glance at the following lines from Robert Greene's "Menaphon":

> When tender ewes brought home with evening sunne
> Wend to their foldes,
> And to their holdes
> The shepheards trudge when light of day is done . . .

and he will see what snares are abroad. Mr. Dodge discovers that Sir Sidney Lee, for all his experience, sometimes yields to folly, as particularly in looking for the original of the fiery horse of "Venus and Adonis" in Du Bartas's "Semaines." But why, asks Mr. Dodge, should not Shakespeare have copied the horse found in Pulci's "Morgante Maggiore"? It, too, has its "ears pricked up" and a "broad breast." And the moral is pointed that Sir Sidney in reading Pulci has done a little skipping. Mr. Dodge's sermon is, of course, welcome at this time, but that it will not be entirely curative is proved by the evidence of his own practice. In correcting a slip made by Prof. A. H. Upham, he cannot refrain from urging a doubtful source of his own for the quotation cited.

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# Science

*Elementary Aeronautics.* By Albert P. Thurston. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This book belongs distinctly in the technical class. The author, formerly engineer to Sir Hiram S. Maxim, is now lecturer in aeronautics in East London College. The volume is for the most part a résumé of the results of experiments in an aerodynamic laboratory, presumably that of Maxim, although the name of the laboratory is withheld. Wherever the experimenting was done, it would have been better for the author to have made full acknowledgment, especially as some of the experiments are of no little interest, and for a description of them to have scientific value it is essential that every particular be made known.

In the first chapter, which deals with normal and inclined planes, there is an excellent table giving the pressure of an air current on a surface perpendicular to the direction of the current. The pressure is expressed in pounds per square foot for velocities from one mile per hour to one hundred and fifty miles per hour. The velocity is also given in feet per second and meters per second. The constant of air resistance used in forming the table, which is determined by experiment only, has a good average value, hence the air pressures given are at least approximately correct. This table should replace, in aeroplane calculations, the erroneous one of Smeaton, which is still to be found in so many engineering works. The second chapter contains a long discussion

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relating to aerocurves and is illustrated by some remarkably interesting photographs. These show the stream lines in air when it is flowing past bodies of various shapes. In another chapter on manual and automatic control, the stability of the aeroplane is treated at some length with many drawings. The discussion of propellers is good; it is illustrated with more stream-line pictures, little jets of smoke having been photographed to show the drift of air in the neighborhood of turning propeller blades. A description of instruments and apparatus used in the aerodynamic laboratory, which follows, would be the most valuable part of the book if it were not so short. The various types of aeroplanes are shown in a manner little different from that in many other books.

The aeronautical engine is the subject of the closing chapter. The author has made some instructive classifications, among which is one relating to the means employed to reduce the weight of motors. Lightness in construction of the motor has been responsible for breakdowns which have caused many fatal accidents; the following summary explains how the weight can be lessened:

(1.) By increasing the number of cylinders.

(2.) Placing the cylinders radially, so as to reduce the length and weight of crankcase.

(3.) Forming the cylinders of turned and very thin steel tube.

(4.) Using spun metal or electrolytically-deposited jackets.

(5.) Designing the engine so as to be independent of a fly-wheel.

(6.) Using the highest grade materials with increased machining, and a general attention to design.

(7.) In some cases, combined inlet and exhaust valves are used.

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Dr. Woods Hutchinson's "A Handbook of Health" is brought out this week by Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Life in the Sea," by James Johnstone, is a forthcoming addition to the series of Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature (*Putnam*).

In a style unadorned, but clear and effective, "Science and the Criminal" (Little, Brown & Co.), by C. Ainsworth Mitchell of Scotland Yard, explains the uses of physical science for the capture and identification of criminals and the detection and verification of crime. Of systems of identification he thinks the finger-print system by far the best, and his account of the classification by which any finger-print may be readily identified is most enlightening, though it is also the one point in the book that is not finally clear. For the personal opinions of handwriting experts he has scant respect; their function, useful enough, is to point out the similarities and differences which would escape lay observation. Very interesting chapters are those on the use of the microscope to detect forgery, the composition of inks, and the use of chemical reagents to determine the age of writing; and, in particular, the chapter describing the serum test, discovered about 1900, to identify the several species of animal (including human) blood. The final chapter illustrates the complexities of food inspection. If the test of milk is high, many honest cows will be rejected; if low, all the good milk will be watered to correspond. Again, the maker of non-alcoholic wines faces this dilemma; if he uses preservatives to prevent fermentation after the bottle is opened, he violates the law; if not, he may be prosecuted for selling fermented liquors without a license. Altogether, the writer justifies his contention for the employment of a few men of scientific training in the detective department, while showing that we are far removed from the days when Lord Coke and Sir Matthew Hale charged their juries against disbelief in witchcraft, and an expert witness for the prosecution was the author of "Religio Medici."

We should have called attention before now to the handsome and admirable treatise of Dr. Ronald Ross on "The Prevention of Malaria" (*Dutton*), a book which even the laity will find instructive. The author is well known for his share in forming our present views of the part played by the mosquito in the spread of the disease, a matter which is somewhat insistently dwelt upon, although, it may be admitted, with ample justification. In the first part of the work we have an excellent account of the historical side of the question, together with the fundamental facts and observations on which medical men now base their attitude towards this disease. Then follow chapters giving in detail the effect of malaria on the individual, its influence on the community, and the preventive measures at our disposal. All this is well done, and, save in a few statistical spots, makes entertaining reading. Our only criticism would be that a little more should be said about the technical methods by which the plasmodium and its relations to the mosquito are recognized and studied. It is difficult for the reader whose experience is limited to regions comparatively free from the disease, to appreciate the importance of the malaria problem. Dr. Ross believes that between a quarter and a half of the population in many, if not, indeed, all, malarious countries, require medical treatment, and he starts his preface with the assertion that "malaria is, perhaps, the most important of human diseases." The estimate of the economical losses involved is appalling. These questions are discussed in the section on the relation of malaria to the community, in which the various conditions governing the amount of malaria are considered from many points of view, and with much ingenious argument. Considerably more than a third of the book is made up of chapters contributed by a score of special writers (Howard, Gorgas, Boyce, Celli, etc.), each describing the prevention of malaria in some limited region or under peculiar conditions, as in the military service (Melville, Fowler). These chapters to some extent renew the discussion of questions already treated in the main text; but often from rather a different point of view. In an appendix Ross makes some suggestions regarding a new terminology of cytogenesis and gives a list of all the "malaria-bearing anophelines" thus far recorded. He also gives an extended bibliography of nearly 260 titles arranged chronologically. There is no index, but this defect is measurably diminished by a detailed table of contents.

The purpose of "Aeroplane Patents" (Van Nostrand), by Robert M. Neilson, as he states in the preface, is to give useful hints and data concerning patents to inventors and to manufacturers of heavier-than-air flying machines. Mr. Neilson has had ten years or more experience in patent work; and though engaged chiefly with British patents, he also includes many United States patents.

Prof. George Davidson, for thirty years head of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey on the Pacific Coast and a member of the principal geographical societies of the world, is dead in San Francisco. He was born in Nottingham, England eighty-six years ago, and came to this country in 1832. He entered the Coast Survey Service in 1845. He was in charge of the transit of Venus expedition to Japan in 1874, and did much similar work for the Government. He wrote many papers on special topics.

# Drama

## JONSON'S COMEDY OF HUMORS.

*English Elements in Jonson's Early Comedy.* By Charles Read Baskervill. Bulletin of the University of Texas, No. 178.

Since 1850 much light has been thrown upon the "sources" of modern literature, notably of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Nor has this study been in vain; we certainly know the Elizabethan drama much better than the mid-Victorians knew it. Still it is very far from enough to be able to say that Shakespeare in his "Merchant of Venice" cunningly amalgamated two distinct stories, with traces of a third, or that Ben Jonson plundered the classics with uncommon dexterity. We need to know how poets and dramatists wrought, that is, under what impulses from without. In the case of Shakespeare we shall probably remain ignorant; our supreme dramatist had the supreme gift of keeping himself to himself. But Ben and his "tribe," ever in the limelight, caught up the movements of the age and carried them on. To study Jonson from this point of view, then, is the object of Dr. Baskervill's treatise. The plays carefully, perhaps exhaustively, analyzed, are: "A Tale of a Tub," "The Case is Altered," "Every Man in his Humor," "Every Man out of his Humor," "Cynthia's Revels," "The Poetaster"—in brief, Jonson's comedy of "humors." Our author's aim is to demonstrate that Jonson, admittedly the most "classic" among the dramatists of his age, was nevertheless thoroughly English in aim, spirit, method, following clearly recognizable national impulses, or trends, which reached their climax about the end of the sixteenth century. We lay stress upon the word

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"trend"; it is the author's chosen term, haunting the entire volume and occurring no less than five times on the first page of the Preface. Doubtless it is the aptest word the author could have used.

What, then, was the particular trend which Jonson obeyed and carried to the limit in his "humor" comedy? To answer the question even in the broadest sense, one must sum up the Tudor age as a whole. It was an age of ferment, a bewildering medley of noble impulses and ignoble, of clear strenuous thinking and of extravagance, of grand creation and of melancholy failure. And amid this welter of seeking and finding and losing stand out three forces sharply defined and dominant: Material Science (in the sense of the discovery of new worlds and the readjustment of this earth in the solar system), the Renaissance, the Reformation. The discoveries of new continents with strange peoples and the re-discovery of Greek and Latin literature, art, and philosophy opened boundless vistas of sensuous or supersensuous ecstasy. One cannot read a page of Tudor imaginative English without catching the pulse-beat between the lines. On the other hand, the Reformation, through its rupture with the easy-going, mediæval church, set man in the immediate presence of his Creator, to answer, without help of priest and confessional, the searching question: Whither am I going? This conflict between sense and conscience is clearly expressed in Marlowe's "Faustus."

In England the conflict was peculiarly intense because of the innate disposition of the English mind toward seriousness. Even in the pre-Christian epic of "Beowulf," one feels, to quote an irreverent critic, the forty-parson power of King Hrothgar's lamentations. And all through Old-English and Middle-English literature, the abiding note is that of moral seriousness. English poetry of the Norman and Plantagenet reigns may be on occasion scurrilous, even coarsely blasphemous, but it never moves with the perfidiously smiling, nonchalant mien of French satire. As Neville of Geneva used to say of Rousseau's vicar: "Mais, Messieurs, le Vicaire Savoyard reste tout de même vicaire." The English poet in his worst estate remains the preacher. Only one exception is known to us, Chaucer with his Gallic *esprit* and his Italian *grazia*. To appreciate this, one has only to contrast "Troilus and Cressida" with the "Vision of Piers the Plowman."

To this sermonizing tendency let us add the mediæval liking for symbolism and allegory. In no other country did the love of allegory strike such deep roots or thrive so persistently. For the Tudor period a sure evidence is the vogue of the "moralities." For a later period there is the "Pilgrim's Progress," still the most cherished book, after the Bible, of all English-speaking peoples.

Before the end of the long reign of good Queen Bess things came to a crisis. The Renaissance was drifting into pedantry or into dilettanteism, the Italianate Englishman of fashion became a mere puppet of foppery or of sensuality, the Protestant became the Puritan. Foibles and vices were attacked with increasing severity by a swarm of critics ranging in worth from Wilson and Sidney to the Martin Marprelate pamphleteers. What Jonson did was to shift the centre of battle to the popular stage. Not that he was the first in chronological order; he was preceded by Lyly, Chapman, and the author of "Sir Thomas More." But he was the chief, by virtue of his knowledge, his power, and the courage of his convictions. In the matter of dramatic form and method he was, in consequence of his classic reading, directly under the influence of the "character sketch" as we find it in Theophrastus and kindred writers and of the stock characters of Plautus and Terence. Indeed, he took not a little of his substance from the classics. Nevertheless, his animus and his *motifs* were characteristically English.

It is our author's merit to have revealed for the first time with clearness and fulness Ben Jonson the Englishman by eminence. As reviewer we have merely tried to give to our readers a few very general hints in preparation for the first three chapters. We have not the space for the remaining chapters, which consist of a detailed discussion, one by one, of the six plays mentioned above.

In a work of this kind there is of necessity much repetition; the same fact or principle must be applied anew at each shift of scene. Yet the work as a whole is not tiresome, but rather stimulating. And painstaking accuracy is evident throughout. We might enter a correction here and there; but that would scarcely be worth the while.

Yet we do wish to enter most energetically one general caveat. Jonson being by eminence the dramatist of "humors," the word humor naturally recurs at every turn. Our author has been at great pains to discuss the origin and spread of the term and to define it in its plenary use. What, then, is a humor? Those of us who have read "Every Man in his Humor" have a general understanding of what is meant. But can we give an exact definition? No more than we can define a story, a drama, a ballad. Having read stories and dramas and ballads, we know them when we see them. Yet no sooner do we attempt to construct a formula than we discover some flaw. Even so is it with humor. No definition that we have ever seen but breaks down when tested. Granted that Bobadill is a humor, is Falstaff also a humor of "brag," is Othello a humor of jealousy, Macbeth a humor of ambition? Assuredly not, to our way of thinking; yet they might be, for aught we can learn from all the writers upon humorous drama. The question is too vexed and complex for adequate discussion here. We must content ourselves with indicating a few general criteria. First, a genuine humor play does not present real men or women but rather abstractions, types more or less allegorical or symbolical, *formelhafte Wesen*. Next, these types are nearly always, if not quite always, caricatures. Next, each type has its badge, its own peculiar phrase or action, which is for the reader or spectator the token of recognition. Further, this phrase or action is frequently repeated, sometimes *ad nauseam*. Lastly, the humor dramatist is always seeking to preach, or to teach, or at least to attack.

Now the genuine dramatist does present real men and women, creatures of flesh and blood, and he does not aim to teach. In the words of Hamlet, he merely holds the mirror up to nature. His teaching, if there be any, is only in the Aristotelian sense of Catharsis. At page 24 our author observes: "And yet, when this is said, we readily recognize the opposition of Jonson's work to all that Shakespeare stands for." True enough, yet it was Jonson himself who wrote: "He was not of an age but for all time." Shakespeare was and is for all time precisely because he created men and women who have found a home wherever there is soul and imagination, even in remote Japan. And with Shakespeare will stand—*longo intervallo*—Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Webster, and others, whereas Jonson's didactic abstract humors have long ago been shelved in the curiosity shop.

Further, our author alludes in two places, pp. 28 and 68, to Chaucer's "Prologue" as consisting of "character sketches." The context shows that he has in mind "the character sketch of the so-called Theophrastan type." This we deny. True, the Tabard Inn Company is sketched rather than drawn at full length, and the individuals are characters in the sense in which we speak of the characters of any story or play. But that they bear the faintest resemblance to the abstractions of Theophrastus or to the standing types of Latin satire, is impossible. Chaucer's Knight and Squire, Clerk of Oxford, Prioress, Wife of Bath, are the most individual creations in modern literature before Shakespeare. They are not even class representatives, nor did Chaucer offer them as such. They are merely a group of real men and women, products of fourteenth-century English life.

In truth, the demarcation between the real and the symbolical, typical, conventional is all-important in literary evaluation, whether we deal with the

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fourteenth or the sixteenth or the twentieth century. To illustrate with a living writer, Arnold Bennett, within the pale of the Five Towns, depicts the real; outside that pale he strays into the typical and conventional.

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"Fröken Julie," a tragedy of naturalism, by August Strindberg, is translated by Charles Recht; Brown Brothers of Philadelphia will issue the translation, with the title, "Countess Julie."

In spite of the pretentious appearance given to it by its fine paper, broad margins, admirable type, and excellent illustrations, the "Great Love Stories of the Theatre" (Duffield), by Charles W. Collins, is no very valuable addition to stage annals, whether considered as literature or as history. It is well enough written, and shows an intimate acquaintance with standard and some less generally quoted authorities, but contains nothing new, and in effect is little more than a scandalous chronicle revised for the doubtful benefit of the hasty modern reader. In a brief preface the author says that each story has been chosen for its human appeal, or its psychological value; but the appeal, as a rule, is of a vulgar sort, of which the special psychological significance is not easily discernible. He has no fresh light to throw upon Nell Gwyn, Woffington, or "Perdita" Robinson, while it is difficult to see by what process of reasoning the crazy follies of the notorious "Becky" Wells could be rightfully included in any category of great loves. Nor is it easy to say what cause is served, save that of meretricious gossip, by insisting upon the least charitable construction of the discreet relations that existed between Anne Bracegirdle and William Congreve. There is more justification for retelling the sordid story of Maurice de Saxe and the Favarts, since comparatively few persons have much notion of the true character of the brilliant soldier whom Scribe glorified with a halo of romance in the popular play of which Adrienne Lecouvreur is the heroine. Unfortunately, such an exposure cannot be made without casting some damaging reflection upon the pathetic figure of the gifted Adrienne herself. A certain psychological problem, perhaps, is involved in the blind passion of Otway for the abominable Barry, and the reprint of some of the dramatist's letters confers some borrowed literary prestige upon this particular chapter. The truest woman in the book is Dora Jordan, whose histrionic genius and conjugal fidelity to her royal lover distinguish her honorably from almost all others in the long list of theatrical paramours. Hers is the one story which might profitably have been told more fully. The temporary enslavement of Alfred de Vigny by that coarse enchantress, Madame Dorval, is one of those uninstructive episodes best committed to a kindly oblivion. The title of Mr. Collins's volume is a misnomer. In it he has confused the meanings of "great" and "notorious."

In the past week, the Irish Players in Maxine Elliott's Theatre have done much to justify their claim to be considered a National organization. They are not skilled actors, their performances lacking the artistic finish necessary to the perfection of stage realism, but, if they sometimes fail to express the whole truth of nature, they never exceed it, and their representations, within the limits of their artistic resources, are wonderfully life-like. With the stupid conventional Irishman of the theatre, they have nothing in common and their public exposure of this myth is in itself a great service. In "The Building Fund," a humorous, but somewhat bitter comedy by William Boyle, they were very successful. The piece is a study of miserly cunning and heartless selfishness. Mrs. Grogan, an old widow with a little money, is at the point of death. She has been gripingly penurious all her life, suspects her son, who is as grasping as herself, and all her relatives and neighbors are plotting to rob her, and is tormented by the thought that she cannot take her wealth with her. Accordingly, at her last gasp, she bequeathes all to the priest, whom she makes sole executor. It is a sordid story, in which all the personages, even to a long-suffering niece who ministers to the old woman, are actuated by the basest motives, but it is told effectively in perfectly characteristic dialogue and is veracious in humor and situation. The acting was good—especially that of Sara Allgood as the old woman—but the piece left an unpleasant impression, while it often provoked laughter.

The "Kathleen Ni Houlahan," of W. B. Yeats has been played here before. It is a gem in its way, a bit of poetic allegory, simple but eloquent in narration, and glowing with patriotic spirit. In it the Genius of Ireland, symbolized by an old woman, enters a farmer's cottage (in 1798), and by the narration of her wrongs lures a lover from the arms of his prospective bride to join the standard of revolt. It is a stirring episode, well becoming the boards of a National theatre, and revealed a finely imaginative piece of acting on the part of Sara Allgood, who appeared as the mystical figure. "The Workhouse Ward," of Lady Gregory, is a bit of robust Irish humor, in which Messrs. Sinclair and O'Donovan were seen to great advantage. It is eminently Hibernian, but scarcely demands criticism. On Monday evening Synge's "The Riders to the Sea," which has been recently described in the *Nation*, was played with the simple and natural sincerity which is the chief charm of these performers. This is a work which would do honor to any stage. Although it is extravagant to claim a place for it among the great classic tragedies, it is, in its ever-deepening pathos and its constant sense of impending and inevitable catastrophe, as truly tragic, as it is, in its pregnant and imaginative diction, truly poetic. Moreover, it might be an actual page from the book of life. Fancy here is the slave of verity, whether in suggesting the wild terrors of rock and sea and storm, or in painting the quiet despair of the bereaved mother, who in receiving the corpse of the last of her six sons—all victims of the pitiless waters—has no more tears to shed, the fountains of grief having run dry. The whole history of these poor fishers is summed up with terrible point in that last utterance of Maurya: "A clean burial . . . a fine coffin . . . and a deep grave. What more can we want than that?"

"The Witness for the Defence," by A. E. W. Mason, which was produced in the Empire Theatre on Monday evening, has many more literary than dramatic merits. The dialogue is of excellent quality, and the characterization is well done, even when it is not altogether consistent. There is a scene of intellectual conflict between two lawyers, which is equal to anything of its kind in modern drama. But the character of the play and the personages is not always sympathetic. Stella Ballantyne, driven to desperation by her husband's brutality, kills him. A former lover, Mr. Thresk, a chance visitor, knows the truth. Afterward, in court, he suppresses part of it, and procures the wife's acquittal. By and by, Stella wins the love of a gallant young officer, and Thresk, when appealed to, repeats his former testimony. But when he learns that Stella is about to remarry and realizes that he still loves her himself, he tells her that she must confess the whole truth—that it was she and not an imaginary robber who killed her husband—or he will reveal it himself. She replies that she will rather commit suicide, but, in the end, she does confess, and as the young soldier is stanch, all ends happily. Thresk, who is the real hero, lies twice, and only becomes a stickler for the truth when his own interest is touched. The heroine, however virtually blameless she may be, persists, until she is driven to the wall, in acting under false pretences. Herein lies the real weakness of the play. Neither of the protagonists excites zeal. But there are several telling situations, a certain amount of suspense, and much bright talk. And the representation, as a whole, is uncommonly good, although the emotional requirements of the heroine are far greater than the artistic resources of Ethel Barrymore can supply.

A version of Thackeray's fairy-tale, "The Rose and the Ring," was given recently at Cambridge, England; it had never before been played on the professional stage.

Thomas Hardy's "The Three Wayfarers," in which London is much interested just now, was dramatized by Mr. Hardy in 1893, from the story in Wessex Tales entitled "The Three Strangers," first published in 1883. The scene of the shepherd's dancing party, whither the three wayfarers—the escaped sheep-stealer, the hangman who was to hang him, and the sheep-stealer's brother—come, one after the other, is said by the London *Times* to be "the high ground two or three miles to the north and northeast of Dorchester, beyond the Frome meadows, and not far from Slyers Lane.

## Music

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*Two Hundred Opera Plots.* By Gladys Davidson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 2 vols. $2.50 net.

*The Wagner Stories.* By Filson Young. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

*Famous Operas.* Edited by W. J. Henderson. "Aïda," "Carmen." New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 50 cents net each.

*Mozart's Opera, The Magic Flute.* By Edward J. Dent. Cambridge, England. 1sh. net.

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*Chapters of Opera.* By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

Only a few weeks ago, we commented on the surprising number of books containing the plots of operas that publishers evidently find it profitable to print. In the meantime, several others have been submitted for comment. Gladys Davidson has evidently aimed at presenting a larger number of plots than any of her predecessors and in this she has succeeded, but mainly by including a number of operas that are not performed now, and are not likely to be performed, in England or America—such operas as Gramman's "Melusine," Mannen's "Acté," Missa's "Muguette," Pizz''s "Rosalba," Adam's "Nuremberg Doll," besides others by Brüll, Bungert, Kretschmer, Förster, that are heard only in Germany and there very seldom. The story of Spohr's "Jessonda" has no practical value for opera goers to-day, nor has that of Schumann's "Genoveva," which has never been a success anywhere; yet a portrait of Schumann serves as frontispiece to the second of these two volumes! "The Girl of the Golden West," which is a *succès de Caruso*, is included, but not that of last season's real success, "Königskinder." In all cases, the plots only are given, without biographic or historic information, and in the table of contents the large type makes conspicuous such misprints as "Favourita," Lörtzing, Rubenstein. On the other side of the ledger must be placed the important facts that the plots, so far as we have examined them, are clearly told and accurate, and that the best light operas by Sullivan, Strauss, Suppé, and others are included.

Filson Young confines himself to Wagner. In England his book has already passed through six editions and it deserves this success, for his way of telling the plots of Wagner's operas, from "The Flying Dutchman" to "Parsifal," makes them exceptionally interesting. He tells them in the past tense, thus converting them into real short stories; and the narratives follow the sequence of events as they appear to the audience. Wagner often wrote stage directions in his scores which are not included in the poems, but which are necessary for a complete understanding of the situation, and these Mr. Young has not overlooked. The postscript includes an attempt to classify the operas and music dramas as to their poetic and musical merits—an attempt not entirely successful; also, an interesting eight-page chronology, in which the more important events in Wagner's life and creative activity are placed in juxtaposition with other interesting occurrences of the same dates in musical and general history.

Wagner was the first librettist who had the courage to publish his texts as bound books. If the present interest in opera stories continues, we may soon expect a general following of his example. From Dodd, Mead & Co. we have the bound poem of Horatio Parker's $10,000 prize-opera, "Mona," a consideration of which may be deferred till after its production at the Metropolitan. Bound as separate volumes also are what seem to be the beginning of a series of famous operas to be treated in this fashion, "Aïda" and "Carmen," both with introductions by W. J. Henderson. Mr. Henderson has at least a hundred times expressed his conviction that operas are far inferior in artistic work to concert music, but in these little books he is condescendingly amiable to the masterworks of Verdi and Bizet. The enthusiasm over them the reader himself must supply for the most part, but he will find much information concerning the creation of these operas, the circumstances attending their production, and their reception by the public and the critics. While the introductions take up only a score or so of pages, Mr. Dent has devoted nearly a hundred to another masterwork, "The Magic Flute." His little book has not the distinction of covers, but it is worth preserving. It was prepared in connection with performances of Mozart's opera to be given this month at Cambridge, and the author hopes it will eventually form part of a book dealing with all Mozart's more important operas. Mr. Dent is thoroughly posted on his subject. Considerable space is devoted to the Freemasonry which forms the groundwork of this opera. "It may well be wondered," the author remarks in conclusion, "why Mozart's Masonic brethren did not secure him a more dignified funeral; the reason probably was that owing to the disease (malignant typhus) of which he died, it was necessary to dispose of the corpse as quickly as possible."

Mr. Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera" appears in a new edition, which is not only more compact and more convenient to hold, but also contains an appendix of twenty-two pages, giving complete lists of the operas performed in the seasons 1908-1911 at the Metropolitan and Manhattan Opera Houses and at the New Theatre, as well as in Brooklyn's new Academy of Music. Brief comments are added, but the new operas are not described as the more important ones of preceding years are in the body of the book. Portraits of Destinn, Gatti-Casazza, and Toscanini have been added. Besides being an entertaining account of the history of grand opera in New York from its earliest days down to the present time, Mr. Krehbiel's book has an excellent thirty-page index which makes it invaluable for reference.

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Macmillan has in preparation "Style in Musical Art," by Sir Hubert Parry, and C. L. Graves's "Post-Victorian Music."

One of the most interesting events of the musical season will be the concert to be given in New York on December 13 by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, under the direction of Frederick Stock. When Thomas died the first plan was to try to procure a European "prima donna conductor," at any cost, as his successor, but wiser counsels prevailed, and the orchestra was entrusted to Frederick Stock, who has justified the choice. The compositions which this orchestra will play are Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture, Strauss's "Don Juan," and Brahms's second (and best) symphony. The soloist will be Albert Spalding, who will give the first performance here of Elgar's violin concerto. Concerning the conductor, the following further information will be read with interest:

Mr. Stock was born in Jülich, Germany, on November 11, 1873, the son of a bandmaster in the German army. Under him he began his musical studies, entered the Cologne Conservatory at fourteen years of age, was graduated as a violinist, and then took up seriously the study of theory and composition under Engelbert Humperdinck, Heinrich Zollner, Gustav Jensen, and Franz Wüllner. In 1895 he came to America to become a member of the Chicago Orchestra. Mr. Stock has written a considerable number of works in the larger forms—overtures, symphonic poems, a set of symphonic variations which have been repeatedly played in Chicago, and were brought forward by Franz Kneisel at the festival of 1906 in Worcester.

# Art

## IN THE NATIONAL GALLERIES.

LONDON, November 27.

Two recent events in the national galleries here are worthy of note. One is the loan exhibition of Alfred Stevens's work at the Tate Gallery in connection with the presentation to the trustees, on behalf of the Alfred Stevens Memorial Committee, of a bust of the artist by Lantéri and a cast of the great chimney piece at Dorchester House. The other is the opening of the Tudor and Stuart Rooms, which have been redecorated and rearranged, at the National Portrait Gallery.

Alfred Stevens is still comparatively little known in England, and hardly known at all anywhere else. It is a common mistake of the critic to confuse his name with that of the Belgian Alfred Stevens. It can scarcely be said that he received no recognition in his lifetime. There are many successful sculptors and decorators who might have envied him his chance at St. Paul's and Dorchester House. But, on the other hand, it is true that he never received what is regarded as official recognition in England. His neglect by the Royal Academy remains to-day one of the chief crimes counted against it, and he lived and worked in an age—he was born in 1817 and died in 1875—when the Academical hall-mark was all essential in the eyes of the average British patron of art. Besides, Stevens has left a very small amount of completed work—that is, work known to be his. His

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poverty in the beginning forced him to do many things for which an artist rarely receives due credit himself. When he was young, during his student years abroad, part spent as assistant to Thorwaldsen in Rome, part in wandering from one Italian town to another, he copied old masters for the dealers. Later, on his return to England, he designed stoves and fire irons for a firm to whom they brought more fame than to him. Fate seemed against him in other ways. His delightful little lions that used to perch on the railings in front of the British Museum were long since removed with the railings. His Wellington monument was first erected and stood for years in the Consistory Court at St. Paul's, for which it was not designed but where it was immensely impressive; then, largely through the clamor of his admirers, it was set up in the place for which it was designed under an arch between the nave and the transept. Most of his other important decorations were for private houses where they have been seen only by the few. Even many people who knew and admired the Wellington monument and the British Museum lions had never heard of him as a painter, and I remember the astonishment and excitement of the critics one press day several years ago, when a fine portrait by him was included in the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. To-day, there is less excuse for not knowing his work. It has been much written about, examples have appeared now and then in exhibitions, and, better still, a characteristic series has been got together for the permanent collection of modern British art at the Tate Gallery. There he is represented by one or two portraits and cartoons, and by numerous drawings which give a good idea of his scope and powers, many being notes and studies for the great monuments he either executed or planned. To the present exhibition owners of his works have lent more paintings and studies and several models.

Nobody who sees this collection can doubt that Stevens deserves the wider recognition that is at last coming round to him. His work, in no matter what medium, has the distinction, the style, which the modern artist so rarely seeks, and so seldom achieves when he does seek it. It is too late in the day to describe the Wellington Monument, with the grave simplicity, the dignity that recalls Italian monuments of the Renaissance. There is likewise a feeling of the old masters in his portraits, in their gravity, their quiet color, their serenity, the ugliest Victorian fashions borrowing dignity from his treatment of them. And he is the old master again in his studies, the greater number in red chalk, which are really working drawings for his own use, and not done in the manner of the young old masters of to-day, merely to astonish by the cleverness of the imitation. The truth is that Stevens never got very far away from the Renaissance, though I believe the decorations in one or two private houses which I have never seen show the influence also of Pompeii. Many of the now most famous artists of the last century began by an equally close study and perhaps closer copying of the old masters; as it was said of them in Paris, their work smelt of the Louvre; but those who had anything in them developed from this stage of their art a distinct style of their own, their own manner of expressing what they had to say. Stevens, distinguished as he was, did not ever succeed in quite emancipating himself, though he was fifty-seven or eight when he died. The reason was probably because for so many years he could not devote his time to his own development, carrying the old tradition on still further, but was in the employment of others as designer or teacher. However, if his originality was less marked than that of some of his contemporaries, his accomplishment was great. He was a giant compared to the popular Victorians who are to-day forgotten, towering head and shoulders above the Academicians who could find no room for him within their ranks.

At the National Portrait Gallery, it is not so much the Tudor and Stuart portraits that call for special attention as their rearrangement. The portraits are as they were, as they have been described—except that some look unexpectedly cleaned up, or it may be the effect of the new decorations. As is well known by this time, they are as a rule of more value historically than artistically, though here and there are a few fine originals. They have been very well hung, the careful chronological sequence adding to their interest, and the different periods have been divided with some feeling for dramatic grouping. I believe the idea has been to make this arrangement as permanent as possible. But if the much-needed additions to the gallery, for which the pulling down of the old St. George's Barracks should give the chance, are ever made, it is to be hoped that there will be some rehanging; for, as it is, the walls in places are far too crowded for comfort to the student, whether of history or of art. But more striking than the new hanging is the new decoration. The director, who is young at his post, has evidently determined to do something that has not been done before, at least in London. He has had the intelligence to see the mistake of clinging to custom, as in that biggest of the Turner rooms at the Tate Gallery—which time so far has only made the more distressing—and also to avoid the commonplace of the new wall decorations in the new rooms at the National Gallery. But he has not had quite the independence to adapt boldly the better examples given of late years in some private galleries and big exhibitions both at home and abroad. He has escaped the official mistakes and commonplaces on the one hand, and, on the other, the risk of being accused of too close adherence to unofficial innovations, by painting or staining the walls black. Now black is far from being a bad background for the very early paintings; it seems rather but an extension of the black frames of so many pictures of their date. When it comes to the Lelys and Knellers, it is less in harmony. But, in any case, much depends on the quality of the black, and in this respect I can hardly make my compliments to the director. No matter how many coats of paint, or how deep a stain, he may have used to cover the panelling of the walls, the result strikes me as thin, not rich, while the mere fact that the panelling is so plainly revealed distracts the attention of the nervous, who see in it but an unpleasant reminder of increased danger in case of fire. Then, below the black is a wide line of white, which is repeated in the frieze and ceiling, and the violent contrast hurts the eye. It is all very well to rely upon time, with its power, to tone things down, but the tendency is to abuse this reliance in London. The big Turner room at the Tate shows that time, even in a town of dirt and fog, unless it has a good foundation to work upon, is not always kind. Experiment, I admit, is healthier than blind obedience to custom, but I am not so sure that the healthiest place for experiment is a national gallery where there is no money to spare when experiment leads to failure. How time will treat these new rooms remains to be seen.

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Dana Estes & Co. announce "A History of Painting," in eight volumes, by Haldane Macfall, with a Preface by Frank Brangwyn. The work is designed for the amateur rather than the technical student, and carries the subject from the beginning of the Italian Renaissance to modern times. It is to have two hundred full-page mounted plates in color, which, to judge from the samples we have seen, will furnish a notable example of the new style of illustration.

Royal Cortissoz writes an introduction to the "Annual of the Society of Illustrators" (Scribner). The eighty-five full-page illustrations, reproduced for the most part in two printings, with a tint block background, are arranged alphabetically under the artist's name, beginning with Edwin A. Abbey. As it happens there is no Howard Pyle in this number, the first of an intended series. The plan gives promise of some historical value in the study of American illustration.

In the Master Painters series Doran issues three volumes, "Titian," "Reynolds," and "Van Dyck." The texts are put together from the writings of Ruskin, and there are the usual reproductions in color of several of the artists' paintings.

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A miniature edition of Turner's "Liber Studiorum" (Stokes) contains fascimiles of the seventy-three published plates and twenty-six additional cuts of unfinished plates or of drawings intended for that famous series. Since the small scale of the reproductions reduces these prints to tone, effacing the etched skeleton, the book will better serve as a pictorial index for those who know their "Liber" than as an introduction.

"Underground Jerusalem" (London: Horace Cox) is a translation of a brief sketch by a French archæologist, Père Vincent, of the work of the expedition of 1909-11 on the hill of Ophel. By means of its excavations the history of ancient Jebus can be traced back for 3,000 years before the birth of Christ. Burial caves have been discovered in which were tombs containing bodies, and, among other things, fragments of early Canaanitish pottery and some bullets for slinging. But the most interesting result was the bringing to light of the admirable work of Hezekiah, at the time of the war with the Assyrians, in supplying the city with water by means of a tunnel from the Virgin's Well to the Pool of Siloam. When the explorations are completed a full account of them will be published by Constable & Co., in which the names of the members of the expedition, now kept secret, will be given.

David C. Preyer's "The Art of the Vienna Galleries" (L. C. Page) is a well-planned book, and, save for slovenly proofreading, well executed. The Vienna galleries are strongest in the Flemish and Dutch schools. It is precisely here that Mr. Preyer's knowledge and enthusiasm are greatest. In the matter of contested attributions he goes farther than is usual in a manual of this sort and generally with good judgment. Besides the three public galleries, the Liechtenstein, Czernin, Schönborn-Bucheim, and Harrach collections are treated. The Lanckorowski, which contains interesting pictures, is omitted. Mr. Preyer's sympathies are obviously for realistic and romantic art, precisely the art most in evidence at Vienna. Outstanding prejudices and perfervid admiration take the book out of its perfunctory class. Your reviewer reads with some amazement that Zurbaran is a "weak imitator of Caravaggio," and is not reassured at learning that Boecklin is "the greatest landscapist of the nineteenth century." Again Mr. Preyer's tenderness for the melodramas of Max Klinger is significant of a taste for extremes. On the other hand, it is precisely this gusto that makes our author a good critic of Rubens.

To the National Gallery at London the late Edwin A. Abbey has bequeathed his picture, Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem; to the Metropolitan Museum his drawings to illustrate Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies, his painting of Hamlet, and his portrait of his mother-in-law; and to the Boston Museum of Fine Art his original drawings for "The Deserted Village."

Important excavations on the Palatine were begun by Dr. Giacomo Boni early in October in the Palace of Domitian. Excavating was carried on here as long ago as the sixteenth century by Farnesi, but nothing important has been done since the eighteenth century. From the sixteenth to the eighteenth century excavating meant principally stealing marbles with which to enrich museums; Dr. Boni's work is directed to discovering the whole plan of the palace, which was that of a typical Roman domus, enlarged to meet the requirements of the chief of the state. Work on the row of rooms forming the front of the Palace, corresponding to the vestibule, has revealed the system of drainage, and has turned up a large number of architectural fragments. In the atrium a huge octagonal basin has been uncovered, the existence of which was unsuspected. It measures sixty feet across, is two and a half feet deep, and was originally lined with marble. The bottom of the basin had been broken through by the excavators of earlier centuries in their search for marbles, and a mass of pottery from the priscan-archæological strata had been brought up and then thrown back as rubbish with which to fill in the whole. Dr. Boni has now taken it out, and will later carry on deeper excavations in this stratum. In the triclinium everything had been long ago levelled to the earth, but a beautiful marble pavement covering two hundred yards had been left undiscovered beneath a few inches of earth. Although the northern nympheum was already known, the pipes through which it was supplied with water have just come to light. The southern nympheum remains to be excavated; a part of it lies beneath the now abandoned nunnery, which was built upon the spot some forty years ago. This modern building must be demolished if the complete plan of the palace is to be determined.

# Finance

## THE MARKET AND CURRENT EVENTS.

No one can doubt that the past week has been a week of incidents; yet the peculiar fact about it is that financial markets have made virtually no response. Beginning with the speech of Sir Edward Grey on Anglo-German relations, on Monday of last week, and ending with Friday's extraordinary news from Los Angeles, Saturday's $6,100,000 deficit in New York bank reserves, and last Monday's application of the tobacco independents for the Supreme Court to reverse the decree of dissolution in the Tobacco Trust case, it was possible to say of all these occurrences that the markets did not know what to do about any of them. All of them, as a matter of fact, had to do with actual events long past, and this week's developments were less in the nature of new incidents in the chapter than of a clearing-up of facts regarding older occurrences, some of which were surrounded with mystery at the time. It is not always possible for markets to "reflect" such belated explanations.

Sir Edward Grey's speech, taken along with the German Foreign Minister's speech of two weeks earlier, shows exactly why Europe's financial markets were plunged into such disorder and apprehension in midsummer, and again in the early autumn. Whether war between France and Germany, or between Germany and England, was at any time actually imminent, will always remain a matter of debate. But that the situation in July was such that a Palmerston or a Napoleon III might have taken some step, after which war would have been inevitable, can no longer be doubted. The more cheerful present view is that war was averted, that the fact itself is proof of the improbability of such a war, even under aggravated circumstances, and that therefore the future is guaranteed. Yet the fact remains, and the foreign markets seem to recognize it, that bad blood has been stirred up by the story of last July's diplomacy—not less so when something not wholly unlike the lie direct is exchanged by the English and German Governments, in their respective versions of the incident.

The New York bank position is quite universally believed to be a temporary matter. The deficit in reserves—the first since the panic of 1907—was apparently due to requisitions for cash, over December 1, by outside banks which merely wished to reserve in that form, at New York, a part of their deposits with New York banks, so as to report it for themselves as "cash on hand." In any case, the "secondary reserve," in the shape of the large foreign credit balances of our banks, remained. The petition of the tobacco independents to the court of last resort was merely a step in obtaining what many legal and financial observers believe will be the final rejection of the request for establishing new and confusing precedent in the Anti-Trust law. None of these incidents admitted of positive "reflection" on the Stock Exchange. Still less was it possible for Wall Street to draw conclusions as to the financial bearing of the McNamara confessions. No clear-headed observer of preceding incidents, between the Los Angeles outrage and last Friday's startling news, has doubted the guilt of the two accused labor leaders. Their confession merely averted their conviction by the jury. But what the consequences, for good or ill, will be on the labor question itself, and how the public mind will on longer consideration be impressed by the marble-hearted cynicism with which these two scoundrels and their counsel publicly describe the crime, are not such easy questions to answer. But perhaps they are not problems for the market.

One other incident of the week, which the market passed almost without notice, deserves a word. It would probably not occur to most people that there was any connection between the bewildering plan, now under way to finance the New York Street Railway reorganiza-

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tion, and the undoubtedly widespread public irritation over the Tobacco Trust dissolution plan as approved by the Circuit Court. There is, however, a very interesting connection. The intricate tangle in the affairs of the Metropolitan, and the rascally practices which inspired the wish for severer punishment for the Tobacco Trust and its managers, were the work of one and the same gang of unprincipled capitalists, who had very much to do, jointly and severally, with giving American finance its evil name of half a dozen years ago.

The intelligent man who re-reads the story of the successive street railway "combinations," "leases," "mergers," and "amalgamations," finds himself divided between the two impressions of the financial absurdity of the whole performance and its brazen unscrupulousness. An air of burlesque finance has certainly surrounded it, from the day when a $50,000,000 property was leased to a four-mile trolley concern in the Bronx, to the day when Ryan publicly stated that Metropolitan was bankrupted by the franchise tax (which it had never paid), and the later day when the reorganizers discovered that Metropolitan stock would have to be assessed, but that shareholders of the holding company could not put up the money, because their own shares were non-assessable. Each successive episode suggested Rollo in Wall Street, or high finance according to Bernard Shaw, or "Major Spilsbury" and "Beattie" in the Paris financiering of the Shipbuilding Trust.

But a sense of the financial absurdity of the whole affair is bound to be superseded by the just indignation which arises on every review of the manner in which these rich adventurers stripped the unhappy outside investor in the course of the undertaking. When it is further remembered that the same group of financiers was behind the sharp practice by which the original owners of the tobacco companies were cajoled into selling out to the Trust, and behind the outrages perpetrated in the trade itself, it is easy to understand why so many people have thought the penalty imposed on the Tobacco Trust inadequate. Yet this frame of mind, however excusable under the circumstances of the case, is not the safest in which to approach a problem of law and precedent. Mr. Roosevelt's demand for "complete disruption"—suggesting apparently that the collection of enterprises be somehow smashed to atoms—is a little like application of lynch law to corporations.

The case of the defendants is admittedly aggravated; feelings of honest men are revolted by the story. But the Anti-Trust law provides against just one thing—conspiracy in restraint of trade—and it nowhere intimates that dissolution shall be regulated according to the good or evil practices of the restrainers. The general rule of dissolution, fixed even for such a Trust as this, must be applied, in the ordinary course of judicial procedure, to all other Trusts which are found repugnant to the law. This is why perfectly right-thinking and independent men believe that the Attorney-General and the Circuit Court were right in fixing a form of dissolution for the Tobacco Trust which followed the principle established with Northern Securities and Standard Oil, and which would stand as a leading precedent if the Steel Trust were to be dissolved. That is the view of the matter which must be kept in mind, in awaiting the Supreme Court's decision on the petition of the independents.

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Benham, M. L. The British Consuls in the Confederacy. (Col. Univ. Studies.) Longmans.

Bowen, C. R. The Resurrection in the New Testament. Putnam.

Bradford, E. S. Commission Government in American Cities, Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Calvert, A. F. Sculpture in Spain. Lane. $1.50 net.

Cambridge Mediæval History. Vol. I. Macmillan. $5 net.

Cannon, F. J., and O'Higgins, H. J. Under the Prophet in Utah. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co. $1.35 net.

Case, E. C. A Revision of the Cotylosauria of North America. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. XII, Philip-Reval. Robert Appleton Co.

Chen Huan-Chang. The Economic Principles of Confucius and His School. (Col Univ. Studies.) 2 vols. Longmans.

Classics of International Law. J. B. Scott, General Editor. Vols. I and II, by Richard Zouche. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Cleaver, Reginald. A Winter-Sport Book. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Conklin's Handy Manual of Useful Information. Revised census edition. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 25 cents.

Dalton, O. M. Byzantine Art and Archæology. Frowde.

Dandridge, Danske. American Prisoners of the Revolution. Charlottesville, Va.: The Michie Co.

Daviess, M. T. The Treasure Babies. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

Day, A. L., and Sosman, R. B. High Temperature Gas Thermometry, with an Investigation of the Metals by E. T. Allen. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Devine, E. T. The Spirit of Social Work. Charities Pub. Committee. $1.

Dickens's David Copperfield; Martin Chuzzlewit; Oliver Twist. Frowde.

English Songs of Italian Freedom. Chosen and arranged by G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans.

Gates, J. S. The Live Dolls in Fairyland. Illustrated. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25.

Greentree, R., and Nicholson, E. W. B. Catalogue of Malay Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library. Frowde.

Gubbins, J. H. The Progress of Japan, 1853-1871. Frowde. $3.40 net.

Gunsaulus, F. W. The Minister and the Spiritual Life. Revell. $1.25 net.

Harris, I. The Significance of Existence. Longmans.

Heart Throbs. (Prose and Verse.) Vol. II. Boston: Chapple Pub. Co.

Herter, C. A. Biological Aspects of Human Problems. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Hillis, Mrs. N. D. The American Woman and Her Home. Revell. $1 net.

Hirst, F. W. John Bright as Statesman and Orator. London: Belvedere Ptg. & Pub. Co.

Hobhouse, L. T. Social Evolution and Political Theory. Col. Univ. Press. (Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.

Hubbard, Kin. Abe Martin's Almanack. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Ibsen. Collected Works. Vol. XII. From Ibsen's Workshop: Notes, Scenarios, and Drafts of the Modern Plays. Trans. by A. G. Chater. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Ibsen. Viking Edition. Vols. I to IV. Scribner. $2 each.

International Critical Commentary. Micah, Zephaniah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Obadiah, and Joel. By J. P. Smith, W. H. Ward, and J. A. Bewer. Scribner. $3 net.

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Kelley, W. V. Down the Road, and Other Essays. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.

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Linebarger, C. E. A Laboratory Manual of Physics. Boston: Heath.

Low, B. R. C. The Sailor Who Has Sailed, and Other Poems. Lane. $1.25 net.

McCormac, E. I. Colonial Opposition to Imperial Authority During the French and Indian War. Berkeley: University Press.

Manili Astronomicon. Liber II. Edidit H. W. Garrod. Frowde. $3.40 net.

Marks, Jeannette. A Girl's Student Days and After. Revell. 75 cents net.

Meredith, G. Memorial Edition. Final vol., xxvii. Scribner. $2.

Moore, George. Hail and Farewell. 1, Ave. D. Appleton.

Morrison, Sophia. Manx Fairy Tales. London: David Nutt.

Palmer, G. H. The Problem of Freedom. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Pervigilium Veneris. (Oxford Plain Texts.) Frowde.

Porter, W. N. A Year of Japanese Epigrams. Translated and Compiled. Frowde.

Prichard, H. H. Through Trackless Labrador. With a Chapter on Fishing by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy. Sturgis & Walton. $4 net.

Report of Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments of the City of New York, 1910.

Sanderson. Memoir and Papers of Sir John Burdon Sanderson. Frowde.

Scott, Mrs. Maxwell. Life of Madame de la Rochejaquelein. Longmans.

Scott's Peveril of the Peak; The Fair Maid of Perth. Frowde.

Seton, E. T. The Arctic Prairies. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Introduction and notes by W. Strunk, jr. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. 25 cents.

Shakespeare. Tudor edition. Henry IV. Part I. Macmillan. 35 cents net.

Smith, E. F. Bacteria in Relation to Plant Diseases. Vol. II. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Southey, R. The Life of Nelson. Intro. by John Masefield, designs by Frank Brangwyn. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.50.

Stanford, C. V. Musical Composition: A Short Treatise for Students. Macmillan. 90 cents net.

Stuart, J. E. The Education of Catholic Girls. New impression. Longmans.

Webster's New Standard Dictionary. High School and Collegiate Edition. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.75.

Whicher, G. M. and G. F. On the Tibur Road: A Freshman's Horace. Princeton University Press.

Winlow, C. V. Barbora: Our Little Bohemian Cousin. Boston: Page & Co. 60 cents.

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